

The Critic

A Weekly Review of Literature and the Arts

NUMBER 668 | FOURTEENTH YEAR
VOL. XXII.

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The Critic

(ESTABLISHED IN 1881)

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Genius and Temperament

WHY DO WE associate genius with melancholy? Is their apparent connection based upon some great law of human character, and the world's conservatism, or upon a mistaken view of certain individual cases?

We commonly hear of the genius as a discontented, unsocial fellow (what the ancients would have called "bilious"); in short, a man under a cloud. The familiar expression "ill-starred genius" embodies this idea. In order to see if this be a true picture, it will be necessary to consider what genius is, and how its possession by a man or woman renders that man or woman different from the majority of his or her fellow creatures.

Ever since the world began, there have been some men whose superior attainments have been universally accredited to a special, inborn faculty, but such is the elusive nature of this mysterious faculty that it slips from the set terms in which we would bind it, and hovers above like a bright spirit, beyond our reach, willing to be reasoned about, or illustrated, but utterly refusing definition.

Sir Humphry Davy confounded the handmaid with the mistress when he said "Genius is patience." Patience is indeed essential to the right development and application of genius, but it is not genius. All the patience of the patriarch would not make every plow-boy a Burns, nor every poor-house lad a great African explorer. It is an entity which education can develop, but not create. "Genius is most in need of discipline and education," says Comenius, "for it is like a fertile soil which, unnnurtured and uncared for, bears the most weeds and the most thorns."

A quick perception of relations is truly recognized as one of its characteristics. "Thoughts lie close together in the mind of genius, and can easily enter into combination." In itself always the same, it yet produces such widely varying results in different men and under different circumstances, that one mind gives "Paradise Lost" to the world, and another invents the telephone. But the cause of the working difference between the one man who, seeing an apple fall, discovered a law binding heaven and earth, and the thousands of daily witnesses of the same phenomenon who did not discover it, is that the one, cast in a finer mould, caught glimpses of light from the creative side of the Janus-faced facts of existence; while the rest of the world, ignorant that there was another side, often even refusing to hear of it, blundered blindly on in its half-light. Such people have their prototypes in the Rev. Mr. Snow, in Dr. Holland's story of "Sevenoaks," who replied to quick-witted Miss Butterworth's proposal to remedy the disgraceful condition of the poor-house, "We must learn to take things as they air."

A genius, then, being a light-bearer, should show us the hidden glory as plainly as a prism analyzes sun-light. A mirky mirror cannot faithfully cast back the image before it, nor can a great soul, over-clouded with gloom, reflect the beauties of a hitherto unseen law. Men will be slow to follow into a new world, which seems to have brought only sorrow to its explorer. Can we imagine a messenger from the battle field, repeating with downcast face his tale of victory or peace? Besides, the true genius is a prophet; looking ahead, he beholds the day when the world, now contemptuous or indifferent, will clamor for his truth. If it will even then but heed and follow, he is content to wait—content to be himself forgotten. Kepler felt that "as God had waited six thousand years for an observer," he could afford to wait until a slow and incredulous people was ready to hearken to

his words of revelation. Enabled by his discovery to live more harmoniously with nature, the genius, whatever irritations his sensitiveness may subject him to, has by that same sensitiveness his appreciation of the world of beauty and affection increased correspondingly. Most of our distinguished men have been men of an equable, even sunny, temperament. The heights they reached could not have been attained without it. Each passionate outbreak consumes so much vital strength, each moody silence dissipates so much energy which might otherwise have been directed towards securing some supreme good.

The calm, sweet temper of Whittier, Longfellow and the Cary sisters, and the serenity of Emerson's life are well-known. Edgar Allan Poe is an illustration of one who evinced great powers, but left little of value to the world because of his frequent fits of melancholy and madness. Opium is responsible for the dreamy, depressed character of much that Coleridge wrote; and it was not genius that made Carlyle cynical, but dyspepsia. Most of us can feel, with Fothergill, "a stomach-ache in many of his sentences." The prime cause of melancholy is egotism, and the true genius can never be egotistical. He regards himself simply as a medium of communication between nature and man. He teaches us to take note of one more of the many servants that "wait on man."

For all that the characteristics and biography of genius can show, there is no reason why men and women of unusual gifts, should not also be cheerful and companionable. Indeed, were an artist to have as his task the illustration of an ideal subject, such as the seer, should we not expect to find the face radiant with the light reflected from a hidden glory?

GRACE ALEXANDER,

Literature

Mrs. Ritchie's "Witches' Cauldron"

Chapters From Some Unwritten Memoirs. By Anne Thackeray Ritchie. Harper & Bro.

NOTHING THAT HAS been written, not even his own letters, gives a more delightful impression of Thackeray than these "Chapters" by his daughter, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie. But it is not only of her father that she writes. The opening chapter of the book is called "My Poet," and in it she tells of her childhood days in Paris, where her grandparents lived, and where she met many distinguished people in whom she was too young to be interested at the time. The poet referred to in this chapter is Jasmin, the "barber-poet," who used to make periodic visits to Paris, where he was a lion of the salons of great ladies. Little Anne Thackeray's idea of a poet was that of the stage—a strange being with long hair and eyes in fine frenzy rolling; so when she saw "a head, like the figurehead of a ship—a jolly, red, shiny, weather-beaten face, with large, round, prominent features, ornamented with little pomatumy wisps of hair, and a massive torso clothed in a magnificent frilled shirt over a pink lining," she could scarcely believe that this was the poet about whom everybody was talking. One day a Scotch lady, tall and grim, a friend of her grandmother's, took little Anne with her to call upon a sick man. The lady carried on her arm a basket filled with such things as invalids eat. The carriage stopped at the door of a house near the Arc de Triomphe. They alighted and climbed a flight of shiny stairs. A delicate-looking man with "long hair, bright eyes and a thin, hooked nose," answered their knock, whereupon the old lady scolded him affectionately for having come to the door. The room they entered was plainly furnished. The most

noticeable thing in it was an upright piano. The man said that he had been composing something. Then he seated himself at the piano, shook back his long hair and played. Tears ran down the old lady's cheeks. When he stopped at last and looked round, she started up. "You mustn't play any more," she said; "no more, no more, it's too beautiful," and she praised him and thanked him in a tender, motherly, pitying sort of way, and then hurriedly said, "We must go." Then they retraced their steps down the shiny stairs. Tears were still in the old lady's eyes. She looked through them at the little girl. "Never forget that you have heard Chopin play," she said with emotion, "for soon no one will ever hear him play any more."

Then Mrs. Ritchie's memoirs take us back to London, to the house near Kensington Gardens where her father lived for so long with his two little girls, and where so many famous people came to see the great novelist. Among the callers was Count D'Orsay, the "most splendid person I ever remember seeing," says Mrs. Ritchie. "I think my father had a certain weakness for dandies," she adds. "Magnificent apparitions used to dawn upon us in the hall, sometimes, glorious beings on their way to the study, but this one outshone them all." Leigh Hunt, then "a bright-eyed, active old man with long, wavy hair and a picturesque cloak flung over one shoulder," would sometimes join the little girls and their father in Kensington Square, and Trelawny and Samuel Rogers they frequently met. Of Trelawny the children stood in awe, and Rogers, then old and shriveled, they also feared, because he was constantly asking them to come and see him. A most interesting picture of Charlotte Brontë is given by Mrs. Ritchie:—

"One of the most notable persons who ever came into our old, bow-windowed drawing-room in Young Street is a guest never to be forgotten by me—a tiny, delicate little person, whose small hand, nevertheless, grasped a mighty lever which set all the literary world of that day vibrating. I can still see the scene quite plainly—the hot summer evening, the open windows, the carriage driving to the door as we all sat silent and expectant; my father, who rarely waited, waiting with us; our governess and my sister and I all in a row and prepared for the great event. We saw the carriage stop, and out of it sprang the active, well-knit figure of young Mr. George Smith, who was bringing Miss Brontë to see our father. My father, who had been walking up and down the room, goes out into the hall to meet his guests, and then, after a moment's delay, the door opens wide and the two gentlemen come in leading a tiny, delicate, serious little lady, pale, with fair, straight hair and steady eyes. She may be a little over thirty; she is dressed in a little barege dress with a pattern of faint green moss. She enters in mittens, in silence, in seriousness."

In the goodness of his heart Thackeray had invited a number of well-known people to meet the author of "Jane Eyre"—the Carlyles, Mrs. Crowe, the Proctors, Mrs. Brookfield and others, enough to frighten the shy little woman from Haworth parsonage, and they did so most effectually. The poor thing couldn't or wouldn't talk. When spoken to, she replied in monosyllables, and the evening, intended to be so brilliant, was insufferably dull. In the middle of the dullness the host slipped out and escaped to his club.

Thackeray wrote "Esmond" in the Kensington house. He "used to write in his study, with the vine shading the two windows," while the children studied their lessons in the front room. One day their father came in to them in great excitement. "There's a young fellow just come," said he; "he has brought a thousand pounds in his pocket. He has made me an offer for my book; it's the most spirited, handsome offer; I scarcely like to take him at his word; he's hardly more than a boy; his name is George Smith; he is waiting there now, and I must go back"; and then, after walking once up and down the room, my father went away, and for the first time, a life-time ago, I heard the name of this good friend-to-be." A big price \$5,000 was considered in those days for a book. If Thackeray were alive to-day, with the fame he had up to the writing of "Esmond," \$50,

000 would have been the least that he would have got for that great novel. The reviewer is sorely tempted to go on quoting from this book. Not only is it filled with most delightful anecdotes, but it is written in the most attractive manner—a manner which is quite Mrs. Ritchie's own, and which fills us with regret that she does not write more, and from that store of recollections that no one but she possesses.

A Cyclopædia of Names

The Century Cyclopædia of Names: a Pronouncing and Etymological Dictionary of Names, etc. Edited by Benjamin E. Smith. The Century Co.

THIS QUARTO VOLUME of nearly eleven hundred pages supplies the single deficiency in the encyclopaedic "Century Dictionary." No doubt many of our readers were surprised and disappointed, as we confess we were, not to find at the end of the last volume of that admirable work the lists of geographical, biographical, and other proper names usually appended to the larger dictionaries of the language. We learn now, from the preface of the volume before us, that such an appendix was part of the plan of the Dictionary; but as the available space for it there was insufficient, it was left for a separate volume. We may congratulate ourselves that this was done, for instead of the two or three hundred pages which at most could have been allowed the appendix in its usual place, we have an independent work of more than treble the size, immensely surpassing all former compilations of the kind, whether prepared as supplements to the great dictionaries or issued as separate books of reference.

The general character of the work is succinctly stated in the preface as "primarily a dictionary of proper names, giving their orthography and pronunciation and such explanation of them as is necessary for their identification; and secondarily, a condensed cyclopædia in its somewhat fuller treatment of several thousands of the more important articles." These names come chiefly under the heads mentioned in the title as given above; and of these the names of persons and places naturally get more space than the others, which, however, receive the attention that relatively they deserve.

This is not a book for a reviewer to read through: he can only test its quality in the various departments by looking up representative or typical names, and noting whether they are included and how they are treated. It is not to be expected that a work of such vast scope and extreme complexity should be faultless in all its details; but it bears the test of such examination—precisely of the nature to which it will be subjected in ordinary use as a book of reference—remarkably well.

The names of persons for whom one is likely to consult the work are generally given, and the facts concerning them are such as he would probably be in search of and, with rare exceptions, are accurately stated. The account of Tennyson (a crucial test, for the account of him is notoriously incorrect in many particulars in all the cyclopædias and other reference-books) is correct, except in giving the impression that Aldworth was his residence before Farringford. We are told that he "lived at or near London till 1850, when he married and settled at Twickenham; and afterward lived at Aldworth (Surrey) and from 1853 at Farringford (Isle of Wight)." It was not until 1869 that he occupied his summer residence at Aldworth. In the chronological list of his works, his last volume, "The Death of Oenone, etc." is put before "The Foresters," which was published some months earlier. Elsewhere information of this sort is given with commendable accuracy, and is well up with the times. Under Pepys, for instance, Wheatley's "new edition, containing all [that is, nearly all] the omitted portions," now in course of publication, is mentioned.

Noted names in fiction are treated more fully than in any former work known to us. Those in our early dramatic literature, of which only a few of the most familiar are elsewhere given, are numerous here. Under Antonio, for example, we

have not only the five characters in Shakespeare, but six others in Middleton, Webster, Otway, Marston, Tomkis, and Dryden. The plays in which they occur also appear in their alphabetical place, with the main facts concerning them. The "Albumazar" of John Tomkis (or Tomkins), for instance, has eight lines of fine print in connection with the biographical notice of the old Arabian astronomer, whose own works are duly enumerated and described.

In the mention of Shakespeare characters we note occasional omissions, inconsistencies, and inaccuracies. Of the two tribunes in the first scene of "Julius Cæsar" *Flavius* is given, but *Marullus* is omitted. The servant *Dennis* in "As You Like It" appears, but the more interesting *Davy* in "2 Henry IV." is missing; and so is *Sir John Coleville* in the latter play, who, by the way, pays a tribute to Falstaff's courage, as some excellent critics have done, though he is here said to be "something of a coward." As a rule, historical characters in the plays are not mentioned as occurring therein. Under *Duncan* we learn that he is introduced in "Macbeth"; but the fact that Cranmer and Thomas Cromwell have a place in "Henry VIII." is not referred to; and so with *Cardinal Campeggio*, who appears in the play with his Latin name *Campeius*, which is not given here in the paragraph concerning him. Under *Decimus Brutus* it should have been stated that Shakespeare (in "Julius Cæsar") incorrectly calls him *Decius Brutus*; or the latter name should have been entered as a character in the play with the explanation. In some instances, on the other hand, a person is mentioned as a character in a play with no hint that he is historical. Under *Diomedes*, for example, we have the chief facts about the Greek general, and then, after two intermediate references, "4. In Shakespeare's 'Troilus and Cressida,' a Grecian commander." *Sir Piers of Exton* is mentioned only as "a minor character in Shakespeare's 'King Richard II.'" It is true that he appears in but three scenes of the play; but he kills Richard, as he does in Holinshed's Chronicle and the histories generally.

There are also inaccuracies in the pronunciation of Shakespearian names. *Balthazar* (or *Balthasar*), which occurs in no less than five plays, is invariably accented by the poet on the first syllable, though the Hebrew name is accented on the second, as the dictionary makes it. *Stephano* is accented on the second syllable in "The Merchant of Venice," but on the first in "The Tempest." When Shakespeare wrote the former play, he seems not to have known the pronunciation of the name; but he had learned it before he wrote "The Tempest," ten or twelve years later. *Jaques* is said to be often pronounced *ja-quez* "on the stage." It is a dissyllable in the poet's metre not only in "As You Like It" but also in "All's Well that Ends Well." We know of no good authority for *Petruchio* with *ch* as *k* (as it represents the Italian *Petruccio*), though this is here given together with the other pronunciation. *Borachio* is given correctly with only *ch* as in *chin*.

Geographical names are for the most part satisfactorily treated. Here and there we note a slip, due to "heterophony" (or "heterography," as we may call it), like putting *Colico* at the "southern" end of Lake Como, instead of the northern; and omissions, like that of *Bonn* among the "chief towns" on the Rhine; apropos of which river *Rheineck* and *Rheinfels* are separately mentioned, but not *Rheinstein*, which is of more interest than the insignificant fragment left of the ancient *Rheineck*. The *Drachenfels* is entered, but there is no reference to the famous castle on the summit. Some great cities are inadequately treated. Under *Brussels* we find nothing about the new Palais de Justice, the most imposing public building in all Europe. Under *Munich*, in the list of important buildings, we read "Königsbau, National Theatre, Court Chapel, Festsaalbau," etc. The untravelled reader would never suspect that the first and fourth are merely different portions of the Royal Palace. The *Borghese* Palace in Rome is said to be "noted for its art collections,"

which were removed in 1891 to the *Borghese Villa*, of which we are told that it was "formerly noted for its art treasures, which are now for the most part at Paris." The *Lake of Agnano* is described as if it still existed near Naples, though it was entirely drained in 1870. The history of the *Pantheon* at Paris ends with its conversion into a mausoleum for eminent Frenchmen in 1791; but in 1822 it became a church again, in 1831 a Pantheon once more, in 1853 for the third time a church, and in 1885 (when Victor Hugo was buried there) for the third time a Pantheon.

The facts concerning astronomical names (planets, constellations, etc.,) are mostly accurate and up with the times; but we think it is an error to say that *all* the supposed observations of a satellite of Venus have been shown to be due to fixed stars, except one, which was probably an asteroid. We had the impression that most of them, since they showed phases like those of the planet, were "optical ghosts" originating in the telescope.

These are by no means all the errors or omissions that we have noted in the volume; but they only show the difficulty—we might say the impossibility—of making such a work absolutely perfect at all points. They do not appreciably detract from its exceptional merit and value.

Tourguenoff's Novels

The Novels of Ivan Turgenev. Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. Vol. 1. Rudin. Macmillan & Co.*

FEW WRITERS can ever be as Renan said Tourguenoff was, "the incarnation of a whole race," because "a whole world lived in him and spoke through his mouth." This world was Slavonic in one sense, universal in another. It is human nature speaking through Slav lips, and these lips were those of Tourguenoff, one of the most gifted of the exiles who have made the name of Russia famous. Descartes at the court of Christina, Voltaire at the court of Frederick the Great, Tourguenoff in the brilliant Paris of the Empire, all contributed a literature of exile to their fatherlands, impressive in its example, if not finely educative in its precept. One throws Mme. de Sévigné into transports—and with her all France—by the eloquence of his scientific method; another revolutionizes French tragedy, though he never succeeded in throwing off the golden shackles of the "tirade," its essential characteristic; the third throws up before the imagination a gallery of charming pictures of a race almost unknown before 1840—thinkers, theorists, voluptuaries, radicals, who speak a vague but beautiful tongue and spread unrest, like an intellectual nettle-rash, around them.

Tourguenoff was a type of the accomplished Russian who is saturated with foreign culture, who is steeped in German, French and English, and who views his country objectively at a distance, as an anatomist views his *sujet*, as a fit theme for artistic representation, for literary dissection, for the furnishing of intellectual pleasure. The *salon* Russian is in him glorified, transfigured; he has passed through a French crucible, and emerges like a perfect enamel, full of gloss and grace. No one would compare him with Tolstoi or Gogol or Poushkin, though the polished pictures of Sir Joshua might be compared not unfruitfully with the enormous canvases of Paul Veronese. His productivity has not been immense, but select; he is the romancer of the *élite*; even George Sand could say, on reading one of his short stories, "Master, all of us must study at your school." The seven or eight volumes of his novels contain his world of fiction complete, from "Rudin" to "Smoke," from "Liza" to "Virgin Soil," but so pertinaciously does he study the *esprit des choses*, as Montesquieu says of himself, that these seven or eight volumes multiply into tensfold their number, and fill us with admiration of their infinity of detail. "Rudin," the first of these excellent open-type reprints, is a picture of the shiftless, restless, theorizing, reverie-haunted, inconsequent Russian whose over load of education is at once his curse and his charm, the Russian reproduction of the gorgeous

sophists of Plato. Everlasting talk is his motto, talk ingenious, fecund, suggestive, yet permeated by all the winds of Æolus. Talk leaves him no time even to fall in love with a lovely girl; he is the Wandering Jew of talk, garrulous even in death, and especially full of the inflammable gas of the period just prior to nihilism. Tourguéneff must have met such an eloquent gas-bag in the Parisian *cafés*; the portrait is life-like, more so than "Le Bavard" of La Bruyère. Stepanik vouches for the elegance and accuracy of Miss Garnett's presentation of Tourguéneff in this new English dress.

Two Great Commanders

1. General Washington. By General Bradley T. Johnson. 2. General Lee. By General Fitzhugh Lee. D. Appleton & Co.

THE TWO latest volumes of the Great Commanders series are biographies of Virginia's two greatest soldiers, Washington and Lee. Both books are entertaining and instructive, giving, as they do, an insight into the characters of two of the purest men and ablest soldiers whose names adorn American history. That treating of Washington is believed by its author to be the first attempt to consider the military character of the "Father of his Country" and to write his life as a soldier. In his own generation Washington was idolized; in the next, through the attacks of the Jeffersonian Democracy, he came to be regarded as "a worthy, honest, well-meaning gentleman, but with no capacity for military and only mediocre ability in civil affairs." In the past quarter of a century, there has been a tendency to give him his proper place in history and again to regard him as the first and most illustrious of Americans.

Washington's partiality for councils of war is justly criticised, but gracefully condoned on the ground that, appreciating his own inexperience, he really desired advice. His strategy was perfect, his tactics often faulty, owing to lack of experience. The French alliance is discussed in an interesting way and from a standpoint that will be new to some readers. On page 67 it is stated that in his youth Washington fell in love with Lucy Grymes who afterward married "Light Horse Harry" Lee, and became the mother of Robert E. Lee. This seems to be a mistake, as Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, who may properly be supposed to know his own family history, says that Lucy Grymes married "Light Horse Harry" Lee's father, Henry Lee. It is possible, however, that Washington may have fallen in love with Miss Grymes, as he was twenty-one years old at the time of her marriage. And, according to the author, he seems to have made love to many girls before his own marriage to Mrs. Custis in 1759. The reference to his youthful flirtations is made with the object of showing that Washington was possessed of all the characteristics of a gentleman of his time—in other words, that he was essentially human and not a man apart from his fellows or distinguished from them except by his superior genius. The character of the man as portrayed by his biographer is one to challenge the admiration of every reader. The book is especially well written, in easily flowing language which carries one along in a most pleasant way. Yet it is not without a few minor defects. The author's ideas seem to crystallize in a fixed series. This peculiarity of style, noticeable from the beginning, becomes more and more monotonous as the reader progresses. For example:—"The generation which (1) fought the Revolution, (2) framed and adopted the Constitution, and (3) established the United States were impressed with (1) the most profound veneration, (2) the most devoted affection, (3) the most absolute idolatry for the (1) hero, (2) sage, (3) statesman." Again:—"I am indebted for (1) constant courtesy, (2) advice and (3) suggestion," etc. There is, also, a tendency to parallel the Revolution and the Rebellion of '61, which will grate somewhat on the feelings of Northern readers.

On page 237, it is stated that in July, 1780, Gen. Greene, disgusted with Congress, resigned his place as Quartermaster-General and retired to his home, to be recalled later by

Washington. From the biography of Gen. Greene, a preceding volume of this Series, it appears that after tendering his resignation as Quartermaster-General, Greene continued to perform the duties of that office until the 30th of September, and that he was not really out of the service at all.

The biography of Gen. Lee is written by his nephew and cavalry commander, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. It is impossible even for the love and pride of a near relative and trusted subordinate to place Robert E. Lee on a higher pedestal than that to which he is entitled by his genius and valor. Like Washington, Lee was one of the purest and noblest characters of modern times. Many extracts from his private letters appear in this volume, which thus imperfectly supplies the desire to have something on the war from his own pen. As a literary work this volume is not up to the standard. Perhaps it is not fair to expect high literary excellence from the pen of a soldier. The common fault of attempting to tell what might have happened had such and such things been done is committed with exasperating frequency. There is, also, too much history of the Civil War and too little Lee. Longstreet is made a scape-goat and held chiefly responsible for the defeat of the Confederates at Gettysburg. The severest, if not the only, criticism on Lee as a soldier is the statement that he could not harden himself to hew to the strict military line in whatever direction the chips might fall; that he had a too kindly consideration for incompetent officers, resulting from an excess of good nature.

Joseph Jefferson

Life and Art of Joseph Jefferson. By William Winter. Macmillan & Co.

IT IS WITH interest mingled with curiosity that one opens Mr. Winter's "Life and Art of Joseph Jefferson." We are already familiar with the "Autobiography," in which the actor and artist proved his right to distinction as an author; and the question suggests itself, What can Mr. Winter find to write about which will not be a repetition of Mr. Jefferson's own story? The criticism implied by the query would not, however, be a just one. The book, as the author tells us in his preface, is a revision of the earlier one published fifteen years ago under the title of "The Jeffersons"; and it is an account, not only of the Joseph from whom it takes its name, but of the Jefferson family from 1728 to 1894. Of the 319 pages, 152 are devoted to the ancestry of our Jefferson, 50 to his own life, and the rest to a discussion of the dramatic art shown in his personations of Rip Van Winkle, Bob Acres, Doctor Pangloss, Mr. Golightly, and Caleb Plummer, with memorials, chronological tables, and an index.

From the birth, in 1728, of Thomas Jefferson, "Rip's" great-grandfather, down to the present day, the Jeffersons have been actors and comedians. Thomas Jefferson was popular in England in the glorious days of Garrick, Mossop, Macklin, Barry, Henderson, Mrs. Cibber, and Peg Woffington. He held high rank among these players, and enjoyed the friendship and esteem of Garrick, with whom he often played. He is described as of a manly, independent spirit, simple, kindly, with an inveterate love of fun; and these characteristics have marked the family to the present generation. Thomas's son, the first to come to America, was the Joseph Jefferson of the Chestnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia, and undoubtedly the first comedian of his time. Connected with the infancy of the dramatic art in this country, and associated with the elder Warren, Hodgkinson, Blissett, Twaits, Francis, and Mr. and Mrs. Wignell, he was a worthy ancestor of the grandson who, by his genius, character, and sincere work, has done so much toward raising the standard of the stage, and has shown by his individual example the possibilities of the drama of the future.

The second Joseph Jefferson, third of the line, was the least famous as an actor. His early inclinations tended rather to architecture and drawing than to the profession which seemed to be the family inheritance. His association with his father's

work and world, however, finally drew him to the stage, where his career was marked by conscientious and faithful effort rather than by brilliant achievement. His gentle and amiable qualities endeared him to his contemporaries; and he bequeathed to his son the refined artistic sense and the sweetness of disposition by which the vagabond and sot of Irving has been transformed and idealized into the Rip Van Winkle whose vices we forgive and forget for his pathetic appreciation of his own unworthiness, and the gentleness and affection which make the children run to climb on his knees and the dogs follow him to lick his hand.

The portion of the book which tells of the life of our Joseph Jefferson is most interesting. It contains many anecdotes and descriptions of Jefferson's work which from their nature could not be included in the "Autobiography." The chapters on his acting in the parts mentioned above are in Mr. Winter's best critical vein, and no one could be better suited for such a task. As Mr. Jefferson's lifelong friend and frequent companion, he has had abundant opportunities to study and determine the finest and most delicate shades of the man's character and art, and he has taken full advantage of them for the purposes of the present book.

The careful chronology of facts in the dramatic history of the Jeffersons adds to the value of the work, and the reproductions of photographic and other portraits render it the more attractive. One of the most pleasing of the illustrations is the frontispiece, representing "Rip" in costume with his grandson Warren Jefferson on his shoulder, the faces of the veteran and the babe both wreathed in smiles.

The index is not so carefully made up as could be desired; for instance, the name of President Jefferson, mentioned on page 94, does not appear in it. In the foot-note on page 191, the name "A. Mauré" is apparently a misprint for A. Mauve.

The book will be enjoyed as much by the general reader as by the friends of the great actor and all who are interested in the history and development of the stage.

"Cicero"

Cicero and the Fall of the Roman Republic. By J. L. Strachan-Davidson. Illustrated. (Heroes of the Nations Series.) G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE USUAL ideal of the ancient Roman conceives him as a sort of cast-iron image, rigid as bronze, unbending as oak, versatile and inflexible, without grace and geniality. Kindness is absent from his nature, or, if found there, resembles the spoonful of honey in the lion's jaw. Rigor petrified and personified, straightforwardness, fortitude, truthfulness, brevity of speech, unimaginative pursuit of this or that utilitarian end: such he has come down to us on Roman coins, in Roman vellums, busts, and epigraphy, and in the plastic pages of Plutarch and Tacitus; an uncompromising figure at once stiff and solemn, heavy-footed and indomitable. The great exemplar of the practical arts, the lawyer, engineer, road-builder, tamer and civilizer of unruly barbarians, the Roman embodied plain commonsense, unpoetic conservatism combined with utilitarian progress, the book-reading rather than the book-writing man who preferred a fine translation to original work and was an imitator even in his cups. His fashions as well as his philosophy came from Greece, and whether he walked or talked, he loved to do so after the fashion of somebody else.

Just as we get this conception of the ancient Roman firmly settled in the mind and the "subject" as it were artistically "posed" upon the pedestal, presto! there is a sudden upheaval, and the smiling, elusive, mocking face of Cicero laughs defiance at our ideal and upsets our definition. Of him it might be said that he was not a Roman at all: he was rather the Frenchman of antiquity, brilliant, clever, versatile and passionate, whose singular character had as many sides as a polygon, and whose restless activity recalls an orator of the French Revolution. The romance of his career, his poetic temperament, his splendid intellectual gifts, his excita-

bility, his *morbidezza*, remind one of some mediæval or modern paladin battling for the Table Round, and he lives for us in his letters and his oratory as no other Roman or antique figure lives—a man, not a shadow. Of no ancient have we perhaps so much autobiographic material, so many letters, orations, dialogues and descriptions from which to draw a portrait and paint a picture; and yet Cicero is still unpainted and undescribed. If Mr. Froude had only taken "Cicero in his letters" (as Prof. Tyrrell phrases it), as he has taken Erasmus, and drawn out of them the living image of the man! This delightful book still remains to be written and only a master (!) is needed to do it.

Meanwhile Mr. Strachan-Davidson has taken the great orator in outline—*en silhouette*, as it were—and given us an interesting account of his connection with the fall of the Roman Republic, his politics, his tastes and pursuits, his speeches and his general characteristics. Most of his information, though he is deeply indebted to Mommsen, Watson, Tyrrell, Purser and Boissier, is first-hand, and is fortified by exact references in foot-notes—not always accurate where French and German works are quoted, (see pages I., 74, 315, 319, 412). He has studied well his Plutarch, Dio, Sallust, and, above all, his Cicero, and his information is conveyed in an agreeable style. While he does not exactly succeed in making Cicero out a hero, he describes a most accomplished and cultured Roman who was more a Greek or a Gaul than the typical patrician of the Cato or the Caesar type; a man of infinite resource and quickness, alert, sensitive, sentimental yet sinewy, the reservoir of the culture of his age, subtle in discourse, eloquent in speech, fiery in invective, and full of grace and tenderness in his household relations. His charming Dialogues are the nearest approach the Romans ever made to the Dialogues of Plato; his legal, religious, and philosophical tracts abound with mingled *esprit* and learning; he writes with the fluency of Montesquieu and the passion of Mirabeau nearly two millenniums before these brilliant men figured before the world; and he has had the profound effect of revolutionizing our ideas of the rigid and ungraceful Roman who drew his milk from the bronze udders of the wolf of the Capitol. In a certain sense he was a "hero" even against Sulla and Cæsar and Antony, and he died an heroic death in justification of his chosen principles.

"By Reef and Palm"

By Louis Becke. With an Introduction by the Earl of Pembroke. J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE GRASP of the realist on contemporary fiction is getting to be as firm as that of the bacteriologist on therapeutics. Formerly people faded away with what the Germans called the "vanishing sickness" (*Schwinducht*), and became as it were incorporeal abstractions, cureless by any discoverable prophylactic. The cure was sunny clime, not a druggist's concoctions. Then the science became more practical; there was a haunting sense of the healability of disease; the microscope was called in to aid the eye that saw not; and the alarmed abstractionist entered on a period of "realism," or widened vision (as Abraham, in an ancient version, "fared to the Land of Vision"), the result being the discovery of the world of the "Infinitely Little," more terrible in its suggestiveness than the world of the "Infinitely Large" above us, and more marvellous. So the novelists of a time but little anterior to the present wandered and maundered in a world of invention and abstraction severed from reality, spun out of the "gray matter" of exceedingly gray brains, and divorced from real flesh and blood as much as the desiccations of a museum of anatomy are severed from real blood and bones. Observation was no part of the outfit or the machinery of the sentimentalists who wrote pink-and-purple novelettes, like Novalis or Tieck; and the writing seemed all done by moonlight, steeped in dreamland, bedewed with the poppies of sleep, and swimming in the shimmer of a certain unwholesome phosphorescence of the soul. Such was the German,

French, and even English, "romance"—a direct child, not god-child, of the poetical *fableaux* of the Charlemagne, Arthur and Alexander cycles. Realists like Miss Austen soon swept these cobwebs out of their brains, and the modern novel (*novella*: something "new," indeed!) crowded vigorously into its place.

Mr. Becke, the author of "By Reef and Palm," is a young Australian, who is following closely in the footsteps of Herman Melville and Stevenson, and taking Oceanica as the playground of his realistic studies. "A green isle in the sea, love" (but not the isle so beautifully sung by Whittier) is the scene of the crude but powerful spurts of abbreviated realism which he gives us in this original little book, each story being as picture-like as the story of Jael driving the nail through the temples of Sisera, and Biblical in its nakedness. They are the graphic reproductions of his active experiences as a trader in those Edenlike, shark-haunted seas (as the Earl of Pembroke tells us in his interesting introduction), and impress the reader with their intense actuality, not unmixed with horror. Many of them are terrible tragedies, related with an economy of speech that is almost monosyllabic; a few pages depict an island, a brown population, an infinite blue sea, a soul tortured by love and death, a catastrophe; then we pass on to the next scene of Kanakas, coral atolls, pajama-clad islanders, and hideous Bohemians from England, who have landed with gin and tobacco to revolutionize this peaceful Paradise. The "realism" is rather photography, too often unrelieved by the gauzy veil of illusive art that ought to hang between it and the eye. The soul is harrowed and ploughed without being fertilized, and one positively shrinks from another story as from the opening of a tomb or of a Blue Beard's closet. In this Mr. Becke certainly does not imitate Stevenson, who is nothing if not an artist.

"Giovanni Boccaccio"

A Study. By John Addington Symonds. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THREE EXTRAORDINARY FIGURES meet us at the very threshold of Italian literature, destined in their respective ways (like the almost contemporary Chaucer, Gower and Langland in England) to exercise the most profound moulding influence, not only on their fatherland, but on all contiguous Continental and insular lands. Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio might not unfantastically typify Religion, Love, and Life, that trinity of volcanic forces which wrought so energizingly underneath the crust of mediaeval Europe, and at last rent it for the new heat and glory of the Renaissance to burst forth. In Dante the solemn aspects of the soul, its passions, adventures, fates and fortunes on earth, in heaven and in hell, incarnated themselves and spoke forth with the voice of some inspired Hebrew seer, who combined the honey of the Psalmist with the gall of Saul. All the nameless allegory, the anonymous epic writing of the middle ages, found in him a habitation and a name, and his terrible signature stands out as luminous and awful on the skies of his time as did the cross of Constantine on the old, unconverted heavens. Petrarch, again, stands out with beautiful boldness for one of the gentler aspects of life, for that Love with which all Christendom was thrilling, the Love which the minnesingers harped, in castle and crusade, in my lady's bower and under the oriel windows of kings. From him and the earlier Germans, the long line of modern love-singers descends as from a living "phonoharp" of many strings. And then came the brilliant Renaissance in the laughing face of a third Florentine, whose "Decamerone" almost originated the third great form of modern literary art, the novel. Perhaps Giovanni Boccaccio, the youngest of these three, was also the most full of genius—erratic, uncontrolled, exuberant and many-sided. The other two were solitary voices at work on the drama of the human soul or the one all-absorbing topic of love. Boccaccio was everything—poet, prose-writer, compiler of encyclopedias, satirist, storyteller and novelist, starting twenty different styles of

composition, almost absolutely new, whereas the others germinated in only one style, supremely complete in that, to be sure, but still infructuous in others. All three stand for the Modern Time, which dawned in them and broke forever with the classical past. Boccaccio has exerted the most purely literary influence of all; he brought the world, the *salon*, good society, the cloister, even, to laugh again, and charmed into flowing the hidden fountain of smiles and tears.

Mr. Symonds brings out Boccaccio's position in Italian letters and society with great distinctness in his admirable posthumous study. The marvellous range of Boccaccio's work has never before been illustrated so copiously as in this book. Literary historians usually associate his name with the "Decamerone" alone—a link of gold, to be sure,—overlooking his vast activity in many other directions; there was hardly a form of composition which he did not try, besides inventing new and richer ones for posterity to imitate. He even distinguished himself as a lecturer and commentator on Dante, as a correspondent of the delicate *dilettante* Petrarch, as a student of Greek, as an *improvvisor*, and as a facile writer of legends in Latin. His period of *Sturm und Drang*, the period of the "Teseide," the "Filistrato" and the "Filocopo," was tumultuous and tormenting, but productive; the very heterogeneity of the conflicting powers in him wrought itself out to a final clearness as these powers battled on, and at length the conflict ended in that "sea of glass and fire," the mirror-like "Decamerone," in which the whole human heart with all its gifts of grace and gladness, beauty and sorrow, pleasure and love, reflected itself in one of those wonderful Renaissance ceilings that glow and throb with adumbrated life. Into this sea Boccaccio emptied all that was most perfect and most worthy of preservation, and here Chaucer and Shakespeare, Marguerite de Valois and Keats sailed in their voyages of poetic discovery, and found their knights and "Noble Kinsmen" and "Hep-tamerones" and Isabellas. This powerful and graceful work has for 500 years delighted succeeding generations, and been a storehouse for literary plunderers. Its charming colloquial style gave a new tongue to Italy, a plastic prose whose flexibility is that of a golden wire. Mr. Symonds exaggerates, perhaps, the influence of Dante and Petrarch on later times, when we remember the exquisite love-songs of Walther von der Vogelweide (who died nearly 150 years before Petrarch, and whose burning pen far exceeded in effect the sculptor's chisel of the Florentine sonneteer), and when we call to mind that all the magnificent epic work of the Middle High Germans ("Nibelungen Lied," "Gudrun," "Parsifal," "Titirel," "Der Arme Heinrich," "Tristan und Isolde," etc., signed and anonymous) and the lyrics of Provence had already been done; but there was but one Boccaccio who might, indeed, like Jean Paul, be called "der Einzige," and his mellowing influence, his irradiation upon surrounding literatures, cannot be overestimated. He was a tropic in himself, and even where his spectrum lines are not actually visible in rainbow threads, the invisible lines of his solar heat glow and cast their golden net.

The Old Meeting-House

Side Glimpses from the Colonial Meeting-House. By William Root Bliss. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

MR. BLISS BELONGS to that increasing number of New Englanders who believe that their colonial history as told by the modern school of historians, in the second and third quarters of this century, is one-sided. The pompous historiographers and the after-dinner speakers at banquets on Forefathers' Day have united to make a picture of their ancestors which is as false as it is grotesque. Without a trace of disrespect or flippancy, Mr. Bliss shows that the men who made New England were really human, very much like the colonists in other parts of the Atlantic States, while their blood was a good deal more mixed than Mr. Savage, of biographical dic-

tionary fame, and several living writers whose names could be mentioned, would have us believe. Mr. Bliss is given to rooting around among deacons' chests, old church books and time-stained documents. If at times he turns over a stone, which from the outside seems to be only a mossy mass of shining green, in order to find out what is beneath on the other side, who shall prevent him? He is no foreigner or enemy, but an enthusiast and a son of the soil. Furthermore, he sees the funny side of things, and enjoys a good laugh over old-time peculiarities, very much as the old dames and fathers would laugh over some of our vagaries. After having examined the land and water around Buzzard's Bay and Plymouth, he now bids us climb on top of the old brick weathercock which for nearly a century and a half whirled on the tip of the steeple of the old brick meeting-house in Hanover Street, where we can see Copp's Hill and the landmarks around the Hub of the Universe. With sympathy and pathos he pictures anew the old days when rum and slavery were popular with New Englanders, and when manacles for slaves, made on New England anvils, were traded off for the molasses out of which New England rum was made, and which is still so abundantly shipped to Africa.

In his chapter on "The Composite Puritan," the author is probably a little hard on John Calvin, while also showing what a vast mass of human riffraff floated into the Massachusetts "Theocracie" after the first noble bands of settlers came in. The composite New England Puritan was made up of Englishmen, Huguenots, Germans, Scotch prisoners sent by Cromwell, and white slaves imported from Ireland to be sold, other "contents of the cauldron being the abundant offspring of miscegenation between the Indian and the white races." No wonder that Miss Wilkins and a host of writers can find such variations of moral and physical type in the "pure-blooded Yankee." The personality of the meeting-house is analyzed and the work of the bell in summoning the people to worship, and in announcing their removal from this world, is graphically described. How the people were seated, how the inevitable small boy was dealt with, how the dogs and occasionally the snakes invaded the meeting-houses, cold and dreary as they often were, is set forth in a way that makes fair-weather Christians shiver even to think of it. How the neighbors in the meeting-house used to swear and give evidence of partial if not total depravity, how the pulpiteer was sometimes a comedian and at other times a tragedian, how the parson did not always get paid, how some of the clerical brethren were notorious and some of them rogues, and how the simple evangelist came along to rub the sharp edges from the awful scholastic doctrines and show the real gospel of Christ, is told with sympathy as well as penetration. By and by came the "singing by note" and the singing-school. The book closes with a brief chapter on the hour-glass. Why the work was not indexed is more than we can tell, for such a treasure-house deserves a key. The book comes in good season for reading on Forefathers' Day and afterward.

On Foot and Wheel through Australia

On the Walaby; or, Through the East and Across Australia. By Guy Boothby. Illustrated by Ben. Boothby. Longmans, Green & Co.

THIS is a summer book, which takes us over the seas and off to the ends of the world. The two book-wrights, one handling the pen and the other the pencil, start off in a great ocean steamer, with Australia as their objective point. On their way out they stop at Ceylon and see much of that city whose name, by the subtle law of association, always attracts the eye of children when they look at the map. Is it not called Kandy? There, amid the cinnamon gardens and the palm trees, we see that the "rickshaw" has become a part of the Indiaman's life. The little Japanese "baby-carriage mounted on grown-up wheels" has moved westward, and, wherever human labor is cheap, it is pretty likely to be the rival of the "ba-shaw," or horse-carriage. We are amused by the snake-charmers of Penang, take a look at Borneo and

learn how the Dutch are worried to death in trying to get possession of the north of Sumatra. Of course, the Dutchman, having once—generations ago—put his hand to the plow, can never, out of sheer pertinacity, let go until he has made the whole furrow. Nevertheless, if the Hollander does not pretty soon conquer the Atchinese, he will empty his treasury; while, as we have heard more than one Dutchman say, the Malays, learning from their would-be conquerors, will keep up an "Eighty Years' War" for liberty. In Java we learn more about Dutch life near the coffee groves and about the "niggers" who work so industriously for their masters. In New Guinea we get new points upon tattooing and other fashions that are rampant in sub-tropical Borneo. Finally, with the travellers, we reach Queensland, where we are treated to statistics and the details of rice culture, and learn about Kanakas and the Chinese labor question. After much information for the intending immigrant, we go off to the gold fields and learn our prospects of a possible fortune with the pick and washing-trough. The author's descriptions of camping out, the landscapes and the incidents of life are very spirited. While some of the plains are treeless, other parts of the country that would otherwise be deserts are made to blossom like the rose by means of artesian wells. Still other parts become fat and rich through the wool industry, and the animals that raise "crops above ground" are sheared by machinery. The style of the book is thoroughly unstudied, free and easy, with an abundance of semi-respectable slang.

Pilgrim Daughters

Three Heroines of New England Romance. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co.

A FINE IDEA handsomely carried out in a body of white, black and gold greets our eyes. In the rosy morning of New England history stand three fair women, their backs turned to the tinted clouds of romance, their faces looking upon us with ever increasing fascination, as Time, despite his reputation for making baldness and wrinkles, keeps them perennially young. They are Priscilla, Agnes Surriage and Martha Hilton. At Plymouth, Marblehead and Dover they lived; and the halo that lingers around their names is seen, not only by the dwellers of these three coast towns, but wherever are read the writings of Longfellow, Whittier and Aldrich. Edmund H. Garrett has visited these places on his bicycle and with deft pencil drawn many a picture of the relics still visible, and many more visions of the imagination, which he scatters with a free hand on full pages and in little nooks between the walls of type. His illustrations are worthy of the text written by three gifted women of to-day. Harriet Prescott Spofford writes most charmingly of the girl who left behind her (or, at least, is alleged to have done so by Mr. Longfellow) the redoubtable Captain Miles Standish, who was a Pilgrim, but most probably not a Protestant. Priscilla is most bewitchingly set forth; but Mrs. Spofford has given prose expansion to Longfellow's poetry, and only toward the end reveals to us what marvelous liberties the author of "The Courtship of Miles Standish" took with historic facts. Nevertheless, though the poet knocked all chronology into a cocked hat, he distilled the essence of Pilgrim life and poured it out in his melodious numbers. Of all prose work, however, devoted to Plymouth men and women, we have read nothing more delightful than this sketch of Mrs. Spofford's. Miss Alice Brown tells with most delightful wit, and with sly pokes at the old folks who became dust long ago, the story of Agnes Surriage and how, after great flirtation and marriage, she became Lady Agnes Franklin; yes, and how, instead of remaining in widowhood and merged in the vital interests of caps and lap-dogs, she married again and "fades out into an unrecognized future."

Louise Imogen Guiney pictures the transformation of Martha Hilton from the little bare-footed maiden into the governor's lady who rides behind outriders through the fair provincial roads, with kerchiefed children bobbing respectfully at every corner. With prose and poetry, wit and fun, with pictures full of life and beauty, and with delicate insight which shows that the damsels of the Mayflower were beautiful and mischievous and full of coquetry, this book will afford Christmas delight in the homes of thousands of good people whose ancestors would have scouted the idea of so much as remembering, even in almanac or calendar, the day on which Christ was born.

De Amicis's "Holland"

OF ALL THE books of travel this observant, brilliant Italian globe-trotter has written, none is more popular in this country than that on the land which sent out Henry Hudson and Peter Minuit. It has been translated again and again, printed in unpretentious little editions, and worthily enshrined in hand-made paper and fine leathers; the opportunities for illustrating which it offers have been fully utilized, and the result has always been a book that was interesting from cover to cover. The new two-volume edition, translated by Helen Zimmern, just placed on the market for the holidays, is especially remarkable for its photogravures, reproduced from photographs taken in different parts of the little country. The first volume contains, among others, views of Dordrecht, Rotterdam, Delft, the Hague and Scheveningen, and of canals, monuments, statues and national costumes. The second volume is adorned with pictures of Amsterdam, Leyden, Haarlem, Utrecht, Alkmaar, Helder, Kampen, Hoorn, Leeuwarden, Groningen, Zwolle, and, of course, Broek, the tidiest village in the whole country, and Zaandam, where Peter the Great learned the art of ship-building. The cover is of green cloth, daintily stamped with golden tulips. (Porter & Coates.)

Leloir's Edition of "The Three Musketeers"

IT REPEATS the pleasure of the first reading of "The Three Musketeers" to turn over the pages of this new and magnificent edition, in two volumes, illustrated by Maurice Leloir. Athos, Porthos and Aramis and the glorious d'Artagnan fight, drink, make love and make money on almost every page, and M. Leloir's spirited drawings have been engraved by M. Huyot with a skill almost equal to that of the artist. The four worthies ride off on the "Œuvres d'Alexandre Dumas" in the head-piece to the preface, in which it is so conclusively shown that they have nothing to do with mythology; and in the charming little vignettes that follow, M. d'Artagnan, the elder, girds his sword round his son; the young Gascon, on his sorry mount, takes every smile for an insult; the musketeers skirmish on the staircase, Porthos displays his gorgeous baldric, Aramis recovers his handkerchief, d'Artagnan joins the musketeers in their quarrel with the Cardinal's guards, and Athos and his valet take an airing in the courtyard of his quarters in the Rue Férou. There was probably little of the picturesque in the Paris of Louis XIII. that is not known to the artist. Its boots and spurs, its lace collars, its corkscrew stairs, its *lucarnes*, its *tourelles*, its ogive arches, bull's-eye windows, flagons, bottles, swords and saddles are all at his service. We wonder whether the life of even M. de Tréville's heroes could have been quite so delightful as he pictures it. It is nothing but pledging toasts, swearing mighty oaths, duelling, climbing rope-ladders, fighting Alguazils one to four, and rescuing damsels in distress. It is even more lively in these pictures than in Dumas's text, of which the version here presented, by Mr. William Robson, is about as near as could be to the original. The two volumes are bound in red and buff canvas. The *édition de luxe*, on large paper, is limited to 750 numbered copies and twenty-five unnumbered. (D. Appleton & Co.)

"Among the Tibetans"

THE INDEFATIGABLE Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, who travels in countries where it is positively dangerous to take one's husband along, is said now to be in the heart of Korea, and great expectations are indulged in regarding the volume which is to come from her pen when she emerges again into civilization. Meanwhile she has published a little book of 159 pages, which in its slimness contrasts strikingly with her big brace of volumes on lands adjacent to India. She has left off all chronological indications, so that we do not know when it was that she left the vale of Kashmir to climb up to "The Roof of the World." Evidently, this little scrap of a book is but a pendicle to her most recent work, just as "The Golden Chersonese" was an appendix to her "Unbeaten Tracks of Japan." Mr. Edward Whymper has furnished a score of page illustrations, which give one good ideas of the men and the houses in the land of cold and sand (the former apparently rather foreshortened), but one cannot write very enthusiastically about this scrappy book, which, without map or index, simply tells us of a journey in a comparatively small portion of the great Tibetan tableland. There were no special adventures, and the same route has been described again and again. As usual, the author is nobly sympathetic with the Christian missionaries. Probably the most striking pen-pictures which she gives are those of the religions of these believers in degenerate Buddhism. This is the land where

prayers are made by machinery, and where the abbot of the monastery delights in the braying of colossal horns, and considers that "St. Matthew is very laughable reading." Upon Mrs. Bishop "the irredeemable ugliness of the Tibetans" produced a deeper impression daily. In due time, unmarked, however, on the calendar of centuries or years, the traveler reached "the civilization of Simla." (Fleming H. Revell Co.)

Thiers's "Revolution" and "Empire"

NEW EDITIONS of the French statesman's "History of the French Revolution" and his "History of the Consulate and of the Empire Under Napoleon" have been published recently. The second of these two works is the better known, and deservedly so. Probably everything worth saying about it has been chronicled long since, many times and in many tongues; its occasional minor inaccuracies have been pointed out and exploited, its merits extolled and magnified; but the fact bears repeating, that the author's splendidly dramatic method ranks these volumes with the few great historical works of ancient and modern times. To be true, Thiers's attitude of blind adoration for Napoleon is not the right one for a man who claims the title of historian, but, after all, the flood of fascinating Bonapartiana that has been pouring over us during the last five years corroborates Thiers as often as it contradicts him. In fact, one wonders, when reading these volumes of memoirs with their microscopic reports of the Emperor's daily life and habits, that Thiers, to whom all these sources were unknown, should have drawn so true and life-like a picture. The translation is that made by D. Forbes Campbell and John Stibbing, and the twelve volumes are adorned with thirty-six steel-plate portraits of the prominent personages of the period; the "Revolution" is published in five volumes. Each set is well printed and sensibly bound, and either makes a useful addition to the library, and can, at this time, be gracefully transformed into a gift that will give pleasure for many years. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Poetry and Verse

THE IMPRINT OF the Aldine House is always a guarantee of excellence. A superb example of Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co.'s work bears the title of "An Imaged World," and is illustrated by William Hyde. Mr. Hyde's pictures are wholly delightful. What poetry, what effects of cloud and shadow are expressed in the drawings entitled "The Southwest Wind" and "The Falling of the Night"! And the other three are scarcely less fine and impressive. The text, by Edward Garnett, is a series of "poems in prose," composing a sort of monodrama in which the scenery counts for more than the actor. The poet loves a certain "white-throated girl," who sends him away in obedience to the wishes of her friends, but finally yields to the promptings of her heart. During his season of banishment the lover wanders up and down the world like an unquiet ghost, alternately agitated and soothed by the manifold spectacle of nature and man. He is a vociferous, word-painting fellow, but with a strong sense of the beautiful and the terrible; and between the cries of his wounded egoism a note of genuine humanity makes itself heard. The language is at times morbidly violent or florid, at times almost incoherent, but there is power as well as passion in chapters like "Fate's Voice" and "To an Idealist." One is reminded in places of the autobiography of Prof. Teufelsdröckh. This picturesque volume is published in America by Macmillan.—THE PRETTY BIBELOT SERIES has been enriched by the addition of two new numbers—"Féline," a selection of lyrics from Swinburne, and Fitzgerald's ever-charming version of the "Rubaiyat." The latter contains the text of the first edition as well as of the fourth, which is the one generally current. The two versions are printed on opposite pages, and the stanzas which occur only in the second edition appear in the appendix. Andrew Lang's poem "To Omar Khayyám" is prefixed to the volume. The Swinburne selections include some of the poet's best and most characteristic verses. (Portland, Me.: Thos. B. Mosher.)

"BECAUSE I LOVE YOU" is a collection of love-poems, chosen by Miss Anna E. Mack. The compiler's taste is by no means severe, and her anthology contains, together with much that is fine, a considerable admixture of the commonplace and the forcible-feeble. (Lee & Shepard.)—A MORE HARMONIOUS compilation is the volume of "Poems and Lyrics of Nature," which is edited by Miss E. W. Rinder and imported by the Scribners. Miss Rinder has written an agreeable introduction, and the poems she

has chosen—all of them from the writings of living authors—have a real unity of subject and feeling. Miss Rinder points out the fallacy of supposing that "the so-called passion for nature is entirely a sentiment of modern growth." There is a bibliographical index, and a capital portrait of the ubiquitous Andrew Lang.—"A LIGHT THROUGH THE STORM," by Charles A. Keeler, is remarkable rather for the beauty of its illustrations than for its poetic merit. The five landscapes by William Keith which are here reproduced are full of charm, and some of Mrs. Keeler's drawings show a delicate touch. Mr. Keeler's verse lacks form and distinction. (San Francisco: Wm. Doxey.)—MODERN CHILDREN ARE FORTUNATE in having real poets at their service, in place of the tedious rhymesters known to their parents. Miss Edith M. Thomas, who keeps her child's heart and her kinship with nature's nomads, has written a charming book for children, which she calls "In Sunshine Land." It is all in verse, of course, and in it Miss Thomas tells the secrets she has learned from birds and trees and butterflies, and the stories that wooning Fancy has murmured under her window in the moonlight. Sometimes she addresses the subconscious child-self of grown men and women, in verses the significance of which can scarcely be grasped by a child's intelligence. The book is well calculated to develop a child's taste for poetry. It is prettily illustrated by Katharine Pyle, the initial letters and headpieces being particularly good. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

TWO VOLUMES BY FAMOUS POETS have been reproduced in holiday guise by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. Of these the edition of Goethe's "Faust" is the more elaborate. Anster's translation, undoubtedly one of the best English versions, has been chosen. Some reference, however, should have been made on the titlepage or elsewhere to the fact that only the first part of the poem is republished. There is a brief introduction by Burdett Mason, but the absence of notes is to be regretted. The illustrations, however, of which ten are full-page photogravures, constitute the principal feature. The artist, Mr. Frank M. Gregory, has been particularly successful with the wilder and more grotesque scenes. His pictures of "Auerbach's Cellar" and "The Magic Horses" are admirably conceived. In his rendering of romantic subjects, such as the scene of Faust and Margaret in the garden, he has been distinctly less fortunate.—TENNYSON'S "Becket," profusely illustrated by F. C. Gordon, is the second of the two publications. "Becket" cannot be ranked as a masterpiece, but it lends itself readily to pictorial treatment. The cover shows a rich design in green and gold.—MESSRS. T. Y. CROWELL & CO. have added to their "Handy Volume Classics" an illustrated edition—said to be the first ever published—of Sir Edwin Arnold's popular poem, "The Light of Asia." The volume is convenient in size and tastefully bound, and is issued at a moderate price. It contains a few pleasing pictures by Mr. St. John Harper, and an admirable recent portrait of the author.

Books for the Young

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH's plan of presenting to his young readers American biographical stories resembles the New Jerusalem, in that it "lieth four square." Having told us of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and Markus Whitman, he now completes his parallelogram by picturing the environment of Sam Adams and throwing his main lights on the central figure. Those of us who have climbed to the top of Bunker Hill Monument—emerging from the corkscrew-like stone stairway into the glorious landscape-viewing chamber at the top—will remember the two small brass cannon which are imbedded in the walls: loss of breath is forgotten in the gain of vision, for beside the map spread out there are the eloquent relics. The detailed story of these two brass cannon is told in this charming book, and one really wonders at the great number of adventures which these bits of metal had. Our author knows how to interest the boys. He makes good use, not only of the old "Yankee Doodle," but of the bits of incident which he has picked up from various local histories. The old resident in Boston who has rooted around among the back alleys, who has studied old graveyards and enjoyed the vistas both from the tombs on Copp's Hill and from the greensward of Bunker's Hill, sees right away that Mr. Butterworth is accurate as well as interesting. He keeps his characters talking, especially the little drummer and Dr. Oliver and the powdered and bewigged Britishers who had the impudence once to occupy Boston. He brings in Phillis Wheatley, the first colored American poet, and the standard historical characters, Lord Percy, Washington, Putnam, Gov. Gage and others, all reappear in familiar light, and the story moves hand-

somely on, taking us through the battle and redoubt, until finally, when the British procession out and the Yankees march in, Allie's drum leads the triumphal procession. The illustrations are all good, and, as far as we can see, true to history. The book is named "The Patriot Schoolmaster." (D. Appleton & Co.)

THE PECULIARITY of Rose Porter's "A Gift of Peace" is that every one of the 365 Bible verses has the word "peace" or some derivative thereof. The same word, or its sentiment, is also found in the accompanying bits of prose and poetry, drawn from a variety of sources. Daily meditation upon such a theme must conduce to that tranquillity of soul desired alike by Christian and Buddhist. The binding is white, with the very appropriate design of wreathed olive-spray, and the descending dove. (F. H. Revell Co.)

"ABOUT WOMEN: What Men Have Said" is a volume of selections in poetry and prose, arranged by Rose Porter, from Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Scott, Wordsworth, Carlyle, Coventry Patmore, Victor Hugo, Browning, Thackeray, Tennyson and Ruskin, Shakespeare's wisdom filling the days of January, Milton those of February, and so on. The little book is attractively gotten up and forms an interesting keepsake. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

THE STORY OF "Paul and Virginia," one of the great tales of the world's enduring literature, has been illustrated by Maurice Leloir. Author and illustrator need no praise, and it will be sufficient, no doubt, to announce the publication of this handsome, inexpensive edition. (D. Appleton & Co.)—"DUTCH TILES" is the title of a quaint lot of calendar designs in blue and white, in which figure wind-mills, fishing-smacks, tulips ("oignons à fleurs, as the florist's sign reads), the Half-Moon leaving Amsterdam, the genius of Holland aboard a gallant canal-boat, and St. Nicholas a-donkey-back, stroking his magnificent white beard. (San Francisco: C. A. Murdock & Co.)

"LITTLE IKE TEMPLIN, and Other Stories," by Richard Malcolm Johnston, deals with varieties of Southern child-life, both white and black. The mishaps of little Ike, the precocious wisdom of Oby Griffin, Uncle Peter Birch's Ghosts, the strange bequests of "Poor Mr. Brown," Len Cane's opinions on dogs, the fight of "Buck and Old Billy," are such things as we cannot have too much of. The dialect is as a piquant sauce to a dish in itself appetizing. "Yes, there's a heap of come-out in that boy," says Mr. Wimpy of Tommy Fletcher, in "The Bee Hunters." And there is a heap of "come-out" in the book, too, had we space for quotations. Its readers, when they come to the story of the bear and Mr. Nathan Swint, will "spread their nos'tles into a smile"; and will conclude with the author and Juvenal, that "we owe the greatest reverence to youth," when they read of the "Campaign of Potiphar McCray." The frontispiece is a portrait of Colonel Johnston, and there are other illustrations in pen-and-ink. (Lothrop Pub. Co.)

MISS JULIA MAGRUDER's story of "The Child Amy" is intended to show how a little waif brought affection and unity into a divided home. Miss Amy was picked up at sea and in her early days she scowled at Miss Melissa, and told Mr. Arnold that he was "a bad old man"; but as she grew up, her character unfolded in its own way to the betterment of her friends. The illustrations in pen-and-ink are by Miss Helen Maitland Armstrong, who has, also, we believe, designed the pretty cover in blue, gold and silver. (Lothrop Pub. Co.)—"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE" for 1894 begins well with a large woodcut portrait of Longfellow for a frontispiece, proceeds well with we are afraid to say how many pictures, stories, poems and essays, and ends with a short story of George Washington Jackson, which contains one of the best puns on record. To select a few gems from the mass, we would mention an essay on pneumatic tires for skates, a picture of four black men from Soudan, a tale of "Peaceful Pirates" not of Penzance, a pictorial record of the Bruin Football Team, some strange information about the evening primrose, the "Story of Babette," a South-Sea extravaganza of a pelican and his master, some new ideas about bows and bow-shooting, the history of the last days of the old navy, and a true tale of "How the Trout came back to Haystack Brook."

"WHAT A BOY SAW in the Army," by Jesse Bowman Young, is a bulky book of sight-seeing and adventure in the war for the Union, illustrated by Mr. Frank Beard, who was himself a boy in the army. Mr. Beard's pictures are better than those in the old-time illustrated papers, and, to say the least, have quite as much the air of being taken from life. They show us the trains laden

with soldiers, moving South, sabre-practice by the raw recruit, Fredericksburg as it looked from the heights, Gen. Grant in the saddle, the gunboats attacking Fort Donelson, an exchange of civilities between pickets, a Sunday battle in the Wilderness, and the charge on the Cemetery Hill at Gettysburg. (Hunt & Eaton.) — "A TREASURY of Stories, Jingles and Rhymes" includes fairy-tales by Mrs. Mary Rice Miller and Elizabeth S. Tucker, rhymes and more fairy-tales by Helen Gray Cone, rhymes and jingles by Elizabeth S. Tucker, and more rhymes by Edith M. Thomas. The fairies of to-day, according to Miss Tucker, are not to be found in hollow trees and under toadstools, but any child may see one in the looking-glass. Miss Humphreys draws them, nevertheless, dancing in a garden of lilies. Among the best of her pictures are the "Baby Show," on page 29, and the illustrations to "Bluebeard" and "Puss in Boots." The "Treasury" is handsomely bound in red cloth, with a picture in colors on the front cover. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.) — "THE GOLDEN FAIRY BOOK" includes fairy-tales from Servia, France, Portugal, Hungary, Russia, Italy and South Africa. A few read like old friends, "The Hermit" is Voltaire's "Zadig" slightly disguised. "Fairy Dust" is from George Sand, and "Barak Hageb and his Wives" is credited to Jókai. Laboulaye and Daniel Dare are also drawn upon. As a rule, the versions given are well made, and they are doubly welcome, owing to Mr. H. R. Millar's sprightly pen-and-ink illustrations. (D. Appleton & Co.)

MR. W. O. STODDARD is one of our most popular writers of fiction for boys, and with reason, for he sees things from the boy's point of view, only with a larger vision, and writes as a boy would, only better. "The Captain's Boat" is a tale of adventures new enough to be true; for when the unexpected happens in fiction, we feel that it has come out of real life. On their way to Foam Island to fish and dig clams, the two heroes fall in for adventures enough to last them a lifetime. The "Sea-Lion" cat-boat, belonging to Captain Vrooman, collector of boomerangs and South Sea island war-clubs, with Si Moore and Tom Clarke aboard, comes gallantly to the rescue when Squire Lander's Sea-Windmill upsets in the Sound. But the "Sea-Lion" herself springs a leak, and it is with difficulty that Si reaches land and Captain Vrooman's museum. The interrupted cruise is recommended, there is a storm in which you can hear the wind howl, the "Sea-Lion" is wrecked, there is some Robinson Crusoe business too good for Defoe, and the story winds up with another story, told by the captain. The illustrations are few, but good. (The Merriam Co.)

"GYPSY BREYNTON," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, tells of the mishaps and adventures of a young person who "did not stop to think." Owing to that peculiarity of hers, she was obliged once to pass a night in an open boat, and was the occasion of a great deal of disorderly conduct in other young persons. She had, however, some redeeming traits; for instance, she was bored with Boston, and, like the father of her country, never told lies. Perhaps, if she had stopped to think, she might have said that she was charmed with the Hub, and so lost the credit which we willingly accord her for good taste and unimpeachable veracity. Illustrated. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) — AS MARY P. WELLS SMITH has written so many delightful stories of the jolly good times that took place fifty years ago at Hackmatack, it was no more than fair that, to use a bit of slang, she should "jolly" the present day along a little. This she has done in "Jolly Good Times To-Day," the scene whereof is laid on the hilltops of Cincinnati, and she has introduced the reader to a lot of imaginative little girls and boys who amuse themselves with all the heartiness of innocence and happiness of heart. If we think we miss in this tale the spontaneity and felicity which were singular characteristics of the other volumes, it is doubtless because the author still feels a little old-fashioned and bewildered in the rush of the whirling life of to-day, an awkwardness that will wear away when she puts out her next volume of the doings of the little folk of Hillside Avenue. (Roberts Bros.)

The Lounger

IN THE PRESENT increase of cheap magazines it is well to remember that those which are made up in the regular magazine size and form, with covers, are sold (when they "retail" at ten cents) at not much more than the cost of paper and printing, that they contain hardly half the amount of reading-matter that is found in the thirty-five cent magazines, and that at least one-half of the expense of the latter periodicals is the literary material and art work

contained in them and the editorial supervision which provides it. The great features which have made American magazines famous throughout the world are not possible in these lower-priced periodicals. Not a number of *Harper's* or *The Century* goes to press without an expenditure of from six to ten thousand dollars on its illustrations alone. Cheap illustrative processes have been developed of late, but nothing has yet been found to approach wood-engraving in reproducing the subtler forms of art. *Harper's* and *The Century* use photo-engraving processes for some of their pictures, but the acid-bath has not taken the place of wood-engraving for many of them. The series of reproductions of the work of the great masters of painting which *The Century* is publishing never could be equalled by photo-engraving. These pictures are made by Mr. Timothy Cole, the most eminent wood-engraver of our time, who has been for almost ten years in Europe studying the old masters and reproducing them with his graver "on the spot." They cost about \$300 each—ten dollars a square inch. A photo-engraving could be made for a thirtieth of this sum, but it would not compare in delicacy with Mr. Cole's exquisite production.

* * *

IMPORTANT HISTORICAL and biographical works, such as *The Century's* War Papers and its Life of Lincoln, are the result of capital as well as foresight. Upon the War Papers more than \$100,000 was expended, and the authors of the Lincoln life were paid \$50,000 for the serial rights. Joseph Jefferson received \$1,000 a month for his Autobiography, and the pictures which accompanied it cost even more. The leading authors like to have their best work appear in the leading magazines, and hence such periodicals as *Harper's* and *The Century* and *Scribner's* have their pick of ten thousand manuscripts a year. Their publishers are able to organize and send out costly expeditions, the results of which are often of world-wide importance and interest. *The Century* now has expeditions in various parts of the world pursuing investigations, the results of which, it is expected, will be no less important than were those of Mr. Kennan's famous journey through Siberia.

* * *

I DON'T KNOW what the Harpers paid for "Trilby," but I will venture to say that for the story and the illustrations they gave more money than would provide letter-press and engravings for a ten-cent magazine for a year. Then take the editorial department of *Harper's*, which covers but a few pages and is illustrated: this alone involves an expenditure of at least \$20,000 a year in salaries, not including that of the editor-in-chief. A thirty-five cent magazine is worth thirty-five cents, a ten-cent magazine is worth ten. Twenty-five cents is as little as a really "high-class" magazine can be sold for, and pay its expenses. *Scribner's* costs at least twelve cents a copy to manufacture—leaving out the cost of contributions and illustrations. If Mr. Walker makes money on *The Cosmopolitan* at its present price, it will not be on its subscriptions. He himself understands this, and looks to his advertising pages for his profits.

* * *

IT IS SAID THAT "The Ebb Tide" is the last book to be written in partnership by Mr. R. L. Stevenson and his stepson, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne. I hope so; for, good as it is, I like my Stevenson unadulterated. In the days before international copyright, there was reason for such an alliance, but now there is no excuse for it. Mr. Stevenson is not at his best when another shares the title-page with him. "The New Arabian Nights," "Treasure Island," or "An Inland Voyage" could never have been written in collaboration, but "The Wrong Box" and "Ebb-Tide" show the marks of the partnership, and they are not pleasant marks. I grant, however, that "The Ebb Tide" is an infinitely better book than "The Wrong Box."

* * *

MR. LANG SAYS that Mr. Crockett's "Lilac Sun-Bonnet" needs no bush. What sun-bonnet does? It is, he adds, a pretty love tale; and that—he learns from statistics gathered "among the fair"—is what they want—"just love's young dream chapter after chapter." Open manslaughter, he thinks, is "more to an elderly taste, perhaps; still, the world must be peopled, whereas many romancers only depopulate it." Mr. Crockett wrote "The Lilac Sun-Bonnet" more than a year ago, but ordered it held back. The order was obeyed, and the book has only now been published.

* * *

I FIND THIS IN Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's *To-Day*.—"I take the New York *Critic* regularly. It is a very useful little paper, and edited by people who are thoroughly in touch with American literature—the sister and brother of the genial editor of *The Century*.

But geniality is precisely the quality it lacks. Americans can hardly help being provincial, and *The Critic*, whenever its self-importance is not recognized, degenerates into the organ of this provinciality. Miss Gilder should know that she only is stultifying herself when she questions Mr. Lang's ability. In America, where they prate of culture, there is not a living soul with as much culture as Andrew Lang has in his little finger. As a man or as a member of the Republic of Letters, I think Mr. Lang often insufferable. But to question his literary quality is like questioning Mr. Grace's cricket." I cannot subscribe to Mr. Jerome's harsh judgment of Mr. Lang "as a man or as a member of the Republic of Letters"; and I yield to no one in my admiration of his ability as a writer. I do not hesitate to make this confession, even though it may rob me of the right to be called provincial.

* * *

I WAS STRUCK by two things in connection with the exhibition of Portraits of Women, which closed last Saturday. The first was the cleverness of the friends of St. John's Guild and the Orthopaedic Hospital in getting up the show. It was foredoomed to success. All the families, friends and acquaintances of the subjects of the portraits were sure to visit the exhibition, in order to see the likeness of their friends; and all the people who didn't know them were certain to go, in order to see what they looked like, so that when they should see them in the flesh at the opera or the Horse Show, they might recognize them at a glance. And the same people would go again in order to take their country cousins with them, and rattle off the names of the fashionable women on the walls without consulting their catalogues. And many others could be counted upon to visit the exhibition from artistic motives. So, as I have said, the great success of the show was a foregone conclusion.

* * *

THE OTHER THING that impressed me at the Academy was the lack of what might be taken as a type of American beauty. There were many handsome faces of this century and the one before it to be seen, but there were not enough of any one kind to indicate the existence of anything that could be called a national type. I suppose this is to be accounted for by the compositeness of our population.

* * *

NEW YORK is a terrible place for the literary worker. He can never count on quiet or freedom from interruption. He may hide himself in a sub-cellars, or fly to a twelfth floor, but he cannot be sure that noises will not pursue him. In the former place he will be surrounded by loud-beating dynamos; in the latter, ten to one a laundry will pound and rumble over his head. Then, if he seeks seclusion on some other floor, a piano-fiend will be found to have possession of the apartment next to his, and the dynamos and mangles will seem as blessings in comparison. But these are not all the difficulties he has to contend against. There is the casual caller who has nothing to do for an hour or so, and amiably spends the time talking to his busy friend. For such interruptions as this, one must use desperate remedies. I know of a man who did. He lives in bachelor quarters in the heart of the town—the one most accessible place in all the city; no spot handier for dropping in. He had some very particular writing to do recently, and his time was limited. What did his good-natured friends care for that? "You mustn't work all the time, old chap; knock off for a while and chat with a fellow," was the burden of their song. In the meantime the publisher called for "copy" that did not come. To go into the country was out of the question, and yet he must be let alone. A happy thought struck him. He wrote a placard, and left it down-stairs on the hall table:—"Mr. Thompson is dead. He was buried yesterday." The good-natured friends dropped in and saw the card. "Poor old Thompson! it was very sudden"; and they tiptoed out again, feeling quite depressed until they reached the corner of Broadway, where the appearance of a friend, or the disappearance of a runaway cable-car, changed the current of their thoughts.

London Letter

IBSEN'S NEW PLAY is the interest of the hour—the interest of anticipation. Day by day the sheets are reaching Mr. William Archer, who is undertaking the translation; and, at the moment of writing, I believe I am correct in saying that two acts of the English version have been passed for press. Not more than half a dozen people have seen the proofs; but from these I hear that the play is likely to make a sensation unsurpassed even by that aroused by "Hedda Gabler." There have been forecasts of the plot in

the papers, but for the most part they are said to be grossly incorrect. It would seem that some Scandinavian compositor or proof-reader, who had glanced through the copy with much haste and very little comprehension, has betrayed the secret. How much that is correct could come of such scanty authority it is scarcely necessary to consider. The account of the play appeared first in the Copenhagen *Politiken*, was then copied in Germany, and finally appeared here in *The Daily News*. *The St. James's Gazette* was, I believe, the first London paper to throw discredit upon the *play*. It is quite uncertain whether the play will be called "The Evil Eye" or not; but it is at least sure that Ibsen himself is extremely annoyed at the incorrect publicity which has been given to his plans. Certain details seem definite. It is not a symbolical piece like "The Master-Builder," but a play of character, of psychology. At the opening, at any rate, it is concerned with the marriage problem. A wife, eager, sensuous, full of the joy of life, has just welcomed her husband back from a journey. She thinks that he has grown cold to her, misses the ardors of their early years of matrimony, and has become jealous of her child, a crippled boy. The father's love seems to be concentrating itself upon the child, and she cannot bear it. At the end of the act, in a scene wrought to a rare pitch of tension, there are cries that a child is drowning in the sea before the house, and, as they strain eye and ear to discover the victim, the parents see their own child's crutches floating out upon the ebb-tide. What lies beyond is unrevealed; but it is said upon every side that the character of the woman is one of the most marvellous and enthralling pieces of work ever achieved by its creator. I hear, on the highest critical authority, that the "grip," the force of the thing, is irresistible. There is really no common curiosity abroad to see the sequel. Everything promises a success upon the heights.

The popularity of Mr. Anthony Hope continues: is it possible, as I am told, that he is as yet but little regarded in America? In London it seems impossible just now to open a magazine without encountering his name, and this week he has been feted by the Authors Club. He took the opportunity of saying a few things about the prevalent curiosity for personal details about authors, their appearance and methods, and some of those present may have felt a little uncomfortable under the genial cynicism of his remarks. For Mr. Hope is essentially of a retiring humor, no great friend to the interviewer, and more inclined to do his work than to talk about it. "O si sic omnes!" Among those who were present to meet him were Mr. Walter Besant, Mr. W. L. Courtney, Mr. George Gissing, Mr. Robert Barr, Mr. Hamilton Aldé and Mr. Henry Harland. Mr. Oswald Crawford, as usual, presided, and gave the guest of the evening the complimentary welcome that is customary.

There is soon to be a new story by "Lucas Malet," which is tidings of comfort and hope. Mrs. Harrison has just gone abroad with her sister, Miss Rose Kingsley; but, before starting, she confided the manuscript to Messrs. Methuen & Co., who, it is reported, are likely to be her publishers in future. If I remember right, almost all the publishers in London were afraid of her "Wages of Sin"; but that was nearly five years ago, before we had become accustomed to "Heavenly Twins" and the novel of the outspoken. Now the tables are turned, and there have been many attempts from divers quarters to secure her new book. Messrs. Methuen have taken the American as well as the English rights.

The forthcoming magazines will contain several tributes to the illustrious dead. Both *The National* and *Blackwood's* are to have articles on Froude, and the *Blackwood* paper, by Mr. John Skelton, will contain a number of letters from the historian, now printed for the first time—letters, it is said, characterized by unusual frankness. To *The Contemporary*, I understand, Mr. Edmund Gosse will contribute an appreciation of his friend Walter Pater, full of new anecdotes. Next month Mr. George Newnes, who seems always on the *qui vive* for fresh worlds to conquer, will publish the first number of a magazine of music, *The Strand Musical Magazine*, conducted by Mr. E. Hatzfield. In the first number there will be an article on the Royal Academy of Music, by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, a new setting of "Edward Gray," by Sir Arthur Sullivan, a plantation ballad by Mr. W. S. Penley, a pianoforte solo by Paderewski, and an illustrated interview with Sir Charles and Lady Hallé. With such a programme success seems assured, and an enormous circulation should follow. Mr. Newnes is truly a genius at invention. The idea seems so simple: and yet no one has thought of it before.

Yet another series, this time from the publishing-house of Messrs. Archibald Constable & Co. The Acme Library (so runs the name) will consist of short novels by authors with "names,"

and will be issued both in paper and in cloth. The first volume, which will be ready in about a fortnight, is to be from the pen of Dr. Conan Doyle, "The Parasite." In January there will be a short story by Mr. Hall Caine, "The Maid of Mona," in February one by Mrs. Flora Annie Steel. Mr. Caine, by the bye, writes the Christmas number of *The Christian World*, a romance called "The Mahdi." Mr. Caine, we learn from the publisher's fore-note, considers the Mahdi a hero and a patriot, "a man possessing the wisdom almost of a Solomon, with the military powers of a Saladin." On this basis he has constructed an historical romance "interwoven with a love-story of universal interest and tenderness." The rest we shall know on Dec. 4, when the annual will make its appearance, at the diminutive price of one penny. The Omar Khayyám Club, it will be remembered, planted some little while ago a rose from Omar's grave upon that of Edward Fitzgerald. It has now learnt that the condition of Omar's tomb has become lamentable from neglect, and has thereupon taken a vigorous step. A petition is to be despatched to the Shah of Persia, entreating him to see to it that the tomb is preserved in a style worthy of the genius who lies below. The movement is largely due to Mr. Edward Clodd, the new President, and to Mr. Clement K. Shorter, Vice-President of the Society.

At last we are to have Mr. Oscar Wilde's "Incomparable and Ingenious History of Mr. W. H. Being the True Secret of Shakespeare's Sonnets. Now for the First Time Here Fully Set Forth," which has been promised these eighteen months. It is announced for publication next week. It is said that Mr. Wilde's last grievance is the impossibility of getting expensive books. "You go to a bookstall," he says, "and select a book marked three and six-pence: the bookseller insists upon taking only two-and-eightpence for it, which is so annoying." Therefore Mr. Wilde has conceived a series of poems for the higher classes, which shall be expensive and brief. There should not be too much matter: the eye wearies of continual print; here and there a blank page should be sprinkled to relieve the monotony! Hence "The Sphinx," which is designed exclusively for the higher classes. It is not mentioned whether the Incomparable and Unnecessary history of Mr. W. H. is to be directed towards this limited audience, or to seek the suffrages of the class who know something about literature. But in any case, it is safe to amuse. Another work on Shakespeare, which is shortly to appear, is from the more serious pen of Mr. Alfred C. Calmour. Like Mr. Wilde's, Mr. Calmour's fame is chiefly connected with the stage: he was the successful author of "The Amber Heart." In his "Fact and Fiction about Shakespeare," which, if I mistake not, has had an earlier utterance in the lecture-room, he has attempted to sift the authoritative facts of Shakespeare's life from the myths and obvious untruths which have gathered round it, and to approximate to a portrait of Immortal Will. An effort which, despite its obvious difficulties, is bound to result in something of interest.

LONDON, November 25, 1894.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Boston Letter

THE OLD SAYING that a moving is half as bad as a fire will not hold good with reference to the moving of books from the old Public Library to the new. About 70,000 volumes have now been transferred, and the entire cost, including the employment of extra help, has been less than half a cent per book, while the cost of moving the remainder of the Library will be still less, as the boxes for the transportation are now all made. I have spoken in a former letter of a number of innovations in the equipment of the new Library that will interest librarians everywhere. In the first place, the main desk will have telephone communication with thirty different points in the building, while the book railway, somewhat on the plan of the cash railway used in shops, will carry the volumes from the shelves to the delivery department, thus saving time, trouble and wear on books. The catalogue system, also, will be changed slightly. At present, when one man is looking for a book, he necessarily monopolizes some seven-thousand cards, that being the number in each double drawer. In the new public card-catalogue system, an attendant will hand to each applicant the drawer containing the cards he wishes to consult, each drawer being a foot in length and having only one row of cards. In the newspaper reading-room there will be tables at which readers can sit and tables at which readers can stand, the latter holding the more widely read papers, so that they cannot be monopolized.

The teachers of Massachusetts held their fiftieth annual meeting in Boston last week, President O. B. Bruce, Superintendent of Schools at Lynn, presiding. At the opening session the Rev. Ed-

ward Everett Hale delivered an historical address, in which he stated that up to 1835 the school system of this State was utterly disintegrated, but that Edward Everett, when he became Governor in that year, led the people to feel that everyone should have, not only a public, but a liberal, education. By liberal education Gov. Everett meant the obtaining of a full use of the English language, and that, said Dr. Hale, is the idea we are still to aim at. Before Everett's time a teacher knew nothing of what was done in other towns, while to-day all experiments are carefully watched. Secretary Frank A. Hill of the State Board of Education thought that there was a source of error, in comparing old-time schools with the present, in the way in which some people project the wisdom of their adult years into their childhood, unconsciously assuming that in youth they showed the insight and grasp that mark their age, and concluding, therefore, that the schools of their youth, which developed this astonishing power, must have surpassed the schools of to-day. He characterized the educational drift of Massachusetts at present as a marked recognition of the concentric, rather than the linear, idea in elementary education. We no longer deal with the three R's, but with all the letters of the alphabet, no longer with the forced development of an unnatural interest, but with the finding-out, utilizing, and building on, a native interest. Pres. Hall of Clark University spoke earnestly on the necessity, in the study of child life, of looking steadily into the future, predicting that the present system, which deals with the past fifty years in the teaching of the philosophy of education, will be entirely revolutionized within a short period. Pres. Eliot of Harvard, recalling a statement in his address to the same audience at Worcester four years ago, when his remarks were severely criticised all over the country, declared that when he said that the high-school prepared for life, but the preparatory school and academy for college, he had in mind the idea that "fitting for life" does not necessarily mean simply fitting for a livelihood. This latter idea he held was not the prime, direct object of a true education. The fundamental aim of all education, long or short, is the improvement and development in the young of the capacity for usefulness and the capacity for enjoyment. And, lest some one should take exception to the use of the word "enjoyment," Pres. Eliot emphasized its significance, asserting that exertion is pleasurable, and that the man who enjoys his labor is more serviceable than the man who does not; that education should train to the enjoyment of serviceableness, and that all forms of employment, if not pressed beyond endurance, are pleasurable. He even appealed to the authority of the Westminster Assembly, which, called together to formulate a catechism, answered the first question in the list, "What is the object of Life?" with the words "To glorify God and enjoy Him forever." He urged, also, the habit of reading, maintaining that no long time was necessary for this pleasure. Fifteen minutes a day given to reading, he asserted, would in thirty years make the difference between a cultivated and an uncultivated man or woman.

The will of the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, drawn Oct. 29, 1887, makes ample provision for his family, and then gives \$5,000 to the Massachusetts Historical Society and \$6,500 to other good objects. A further bequest in the will, contingent upon the death of his children and their issue, gives one-sixth of the remainder of the estate to Harvard University, the Massachusetts Historical Society and the poor of Boston. By a codicil drawn up in the spring of 1892, \$5,000 is given to the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology.

A bequest in another will, just come into operation, provides for the erection in Boston of a statue to Rufus Choate, at an expense of \$14,000. It seems that Mr. G. B. Hyde, who was nearly all his life a school-teacher in Boston, accumulated, by wise investments made from his salary, a fortune of \$140,000. At his death, about five years ago, having no children, he left the income to his wife during her lifetime, the property at her death to go in part to his native town for the erection of a public library and other improvements. To the New England Conservatory of Music and to Harvard College he left \$5,000 each, besides \$14,000 for the erection of the Choate statue. The residue of his estate was to go to the Museum of Fine Arts. His friends say that he was never particularly interested in art, and that he had no acquaintance with Rufus Choate, but that, like so many of Webster's old admirers, he thought there was nobody in the world like a Webster Whig, and Rufus Choate was a Webster Whig. Mr. Hyde made his money in Boston, and wanted to leave it here.

A friend of *The Critic* has asked me to raise the point regarding the use of the Roman figures with the "th" after them, in the way carried out by the New York *Tribune* and other papers. He maintains that V, VI and VII, etc., mean not only the cardinals 5,

6, 7, etc., but also the ordinals 5th, 6th, 7th, etc. Will *Critic* readers settle the question?

BOSTON, Dec. 4, 1894.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

Chicago Letter

THE CHICAGO WOMEN'S CLUB is in a state of portentous upheaval at present on a question over which the world has fought on many a larger field, which has moved invading armies and set great nations at war. The question is the admission of a colored woman to the privileges of its membership. The candidate, Mrs. Fanny B. Williams, is said to be a woman of rare charm and of fine oratorical gifts, who would be regarded as an acquisition to the society from every point of view except that of complexion, and her sponsors take the ground that this shadowy legacy from tropic ancestors ought not to bar her from a club which claims to make personal worth the only test to membership. The Women's Club is a fair field in which to fight such a battle. Organized a score of years ago for personal culture and put'tic work, it has shown from the first a broad hospitality, aiming at a large membership of earnest, active women, and making no effort at social exclusiveness. Gradually the scope of its usefulness has enlarged beyond the dreams of its founders, until now it can "point with pride" to many a valuable reform effected or aided by its labors. Abuses in the administration of poorhouses, insane asylums and penal institutions have been corrected by its powerful initiative. It has opened a law office to which poor women can apply for free advice and relief from chattel-mortgage-fiefs, official bullies, drunken husbands and the thousand and one torments which beset the ignorant, until the name of the Women's Club has become a powerful weapon in the courts. Of late the society has gone even further. It has demanded and secured appointments its membership on the Board of Education, it has sent committees to Washington to make formal requests or protests, its delegates have been received in State and county conventions and permitted to name candidates for office. On these and other occasions it has played creditably a public rôle, and assumed the right—a right which few felt disposed to question—to stand for the womanhood of Chicago. To justify this assumption seems to be the purpose of the venturesome ladies who are endeavoring to complete the representative character of the Club by proposing a colored woman for membership.

The proposal came from three women, long prominent in the councils of the society, one of them being no less important a personage than Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin, who was President of the Woman's Department of the World's Congress Auxiliary of the Columbian Exposition, and who, last spring, was made President of the Federation of Women's Clubs. Mrs. Henrotin is an able, progressive public-spirited woman, with plenty of courage for a fight and a keen sense of humor withal to make the battle interesting. The name, thus potently endorsed, went to the Committee on Membership, where it encountered the camp of the enemy and was inhospiably thrown out. By this time the newspapers got wind of the affair and threw their energies gallantly into the conflict, *The Herald*, especially, reminding the Club of its duties in many a conclusively righteous argument. The ferment had passed the society's limits, and the world was assuming the right to be agitated even before an appeal was taken from the ruling of the membership committee to the Club itself in solemn conclave. Last Wednesday was the appointed day. Chicago's two millions waited breathless outside the closed doors of the Women's Club, but when the portals opened there was nothing to report but a compromise. The final struggle was postponed. Mrs. Williams's name had been temporarily withdrawn by her powerful sponsors, and the issue shifted from the concrete to the abstract. The Club had decided unanimously that the following resolution should be discussed and voted upon at the last meeting in December:—"RESOLVED, That the Chicago Women's Club is a civic organization, membership in which is conditioned upon character and intelligence, irrespective of race, creed or color." Thus the society gains several weeks to think it over. If at the end of this season of meditation the proposed resolution should be carried, as seems probable, it will be in order for the dissenting members of the membership committee to make room for others more in sympathy with the spirit of the majority. And Mrs. Williams's name may then be carried through decently and in order.

The lady herself has held quietly aloof from the conflict, though she seems to carry a wound or two. "Men and women are so different in such things," she is reported to have said. "Men will wage fierce war with each other in politics and cry quits and shake

hands when the campaign is over. Women are prone to carry their feuds to the bitter end." Yea, verily, that convenient masculine aloofness is a trait which the New Woman will do well to acquire. The recent election, in which women exercised for the first time in this State the high privilege of voting for the trustees of a picayune university, has left sore hearts as well as sore heads in its train. Excited partisans are scarcely yet on speaking terms, and, if one fair agitator declares that no nice woman can be a democrat, another retorts that no woman of sense can be a republican. "We are not ready for it, are we?" this lady inquires between disgust and rage. And we accept the New Womanhood with some misgivings, trusting to acquire wisdom from experience in that great day which is to free us all.

An exhibition of water-colors by Mr. Thomas B. Meteyard, which was held at Keppel's last week, introduced to his fellow-citizens an aquarellist who expresses novel ideas with a singular gayety and charm of style. I say introduced, though he showed at the Fair one or two limp landscapes in oil, and others hang now in the American exhibition at the Art Institute. But in these forty or fifty little water-colors one may judge more conclusively of his bent and temperament in art. These seem to lead him away from realism, in spite of many literal glimpses of sea and field, street and sky, studied under the varying colors of night and day—glimpses frankly offered with a winning freshness and enthusiasm. Perhaps the keener sympathies of the man carry him toward the conventionalization of nature, the study of decorative values in her varying lines and colors, and in the poses and modern draperies of the human figure. He has followed with zest the hint offered by the serpentine curves of land and water in certain salt marshes along the Massachusetts coast. These windings and twistings of the evasive tide appear and reappear in many little water-colors, treated vividly in flat colors on the varied suggestions offered by sunrise, noon and twilight, by the changing skies and seasons. These show the same decorative grace of line which pleases us in his book-designs for some of Stone & Kimball's publications, and they have an added grace of color. A flat-toned figure of a woman walking against the wind has a fine, swift litheness. Mr. Meteyard is young, and much of his work is merely tentative. It is never prosy, however, and there is a zest in it which makes one wish to overleap time a few years, and see the place which he will some day reach if he follows his bent. He is a Chicagoan by the prejudice of childhood, a Parisian by that of an art-student, and which prejudice will conquer the other is now an open question.

By the invitation of a score of enthusiasts in the Japanese, Prof. Ernest F. Fenollosa is giving at the Art Institute a course of five lectures on the history of Japanese art, covering the Corean Period, the First Chinese Period, the First Japanese Period, the Second Chinese and the Second Japanese Periods. The object of the course is educational, and the profits, if any accrue, will be turned over to the Art Institute. An interesting collection of Oriental porcelains, jades, lacquers and other precious bits of workmanship, gathered together originally by the Countess of Jersey and recently purchased from her estate, is now being shown here by Mr. A. D. Vorce.

The Atlantic for December contains a fatalistic love-story which moves one in much the same way as one of Mr. Alexander's portraits, so warm and vital is it, and yet so swift and modern in its style. Not that the author of "Literary Love-Letters" has as yet gone as far as that consummate painter of sumptuous women, but he breathes the same air, lives as frankly in his own epoch, and his delicate, keen touch shows almost as convincingly the hand of an artist. I am complimenting this writer more than you know, for you in New York have a new joy before you—you have not yet seen Mr. Alexander's superb aristocrats. The "Literary Love-Letters" are dated from Chicago; and this reminds me that their young author, Mr. Robert W. Herrick, is a recent acquisition of ours. A year or more ago he brought to the University of Chicago his share of the subtler atmosphere of Harvard, and since then he has wrought so well under our breezy skies that already we are proud to claim him, and soon we shall be making plans for the niche we must offer him in that temple of the arts which Time, the patient architect, has promised to build for us.

CHICAGO, Dec. 4, 1894.

H. MONROE.

THE will of James Anthony Froude orders that all his literary papers be destroyed, including the unprinted documents concerning the Carlyles which Thomas Carlyle bequeathed to him. Knowing what he knew of literary executors, this was a wise decision on the part of Mr. Froude.

A Model School in Baltimore

IN COMMON WITH Johns Hopkins University and the Woman's College, the Bryn Mawr School of Baltimore opened its doors on Friday, Nov. 30, to the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Middle States and Maryland, whose work has often received mention in *The Critic*. The reception at the School was in the form of an afternoon tea; and the invitations included many citizens of Baltimore and Washington, identified with educational interests. The building is a large one, and the very considerable crowd who attended could enjoy without discomfort the reproductions of masterpieces—set off by innumerable palms—with which effort and forethought are gradually filling every nook. It is more than doubtful if any other preparatory school in the country has so generous a collection of Braun autotypes of the most famous paintings, to say nothing of many chromolithographs by the Arundel Society of London. In every room are casts representing different periods of art; and care has been taken to make the pupils familiar, not only with Isis and Niobe and the nine Muses, or the works of Michael Angelo, but with sculptures in various parts of France and Germany—with the wonderful wood-carving of the middle ages known as the Nuremberg Madonna, and the Sibyls, with turban, with book and with scroll, in the Cathedral of Ulm. In the basement, made gay with roses and refreshments, the visitors admired the gymnasium with its running track, and the swimming-pool, sixty feet in length.

One could hardly enter an apartment of the School without having brought home to him the wide difference between those methods of education of the moment which merit attention and the methods of twenty years ago. In the Latin Room of the School are a marble bust of Virgil and autotypes of the Forum and Colosseum. In the laboratory the arrangement permits the pupils to do every particle of the practical work, instead of being languid witnesses of experiments performed by their instructors. In the studio the trick of drawing painfully straight lines and copying minute landscapes and well-sweeps and what not is unknown. Instead, the merest beginner is shown a watering-pot, or it may be a pretty fan with a history, and the effort to reproduce it is rendered as easy and natural as vivacity and sympathy can make it. The drawing teacher, Miss Lindsay Hunt, is a graduate of the Art Students' League and a pupil of Mr. Chase; and her picture "From under the Bridge" was in the last exhibition of the Society of American Artists.

Miss Jane Louise Brownell, the teacher of mathematics, is interested in sociology as well as in mathematics. She is the author of a pamphlet on "The Significance of a Decreasing Birth-Rate," written during a fellowship held at Bryn Mawr College, and published by the American Academy of Social Science. A footnote referring to this careful exposition of the effect of enlightenment and intellectual activity upon the reproduction of the species will be found in the last edition of Mr. Spencer's "Principles of Biology."

To me, when a nervous, excitable child, the most attractive room in the School would have been the cheerful apartment with the frieze of the Parthenon running all around it, hung with autotypes and christened the Silent Study room. The name would have been enough. Here sits the Secretary, Miss Ida Wood of Philadelphia, and in this room every scholar has her desk; and with the least possible noise the whole school assembles at the end of each recitation, a certain number remaining for study. But no recitations are permitted within its sheltering walls, and this alone gave me for a moment the feeling that I had been born too soon.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 3, 1894.

LUCY BULL.

Origin of the "Sonnets from the Portuguese"

THE MOST VALUABLE thing about the Dent edition of the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," imported by the Messrs. Scribner, is Mr. Gosse's introduction, and the most interesting thing about that is the story of the writing of Mrs. Browning's beautiful sonnets, which was told to Mr. Gosse by Robert Browning, and is now printed for the first time:—

"It was in the second or 1850 edition of the Poems, in two volumes, that the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" were first given to the public. The circumstances attending their composition have never been clearly related. Mr. Browning, however, eight years before his death, made a statement to a friend, with the understanding that at some future date, after his own decease, the story might be more widely told. The time seems to have arrived when there

can be no possible indiscretion in recording a very pretty episode of literary history. During the months of their brief courtship, closing, as all the world knows, in the clandestine flight and romantic wedding of September 12, 1846, neither poet showed any verses to the other. Mr. Browning, in particular, had not the smallest notion that the circumstances of their betrothal had led Miss Barrett into any artistic expression of feeling. As little did he suspect it during their honeymoon in Paris, or during their first crowded weeks in Italy. They settled, at length, in Pisa; and being quitted by Mrs. Jamieson and her niece, in a very calm and happy mood the young couple took up each his or her separate work.

"Their custom was, Mr. Browning said, to write alone, and not to show each other what they had written. This was a rule which he sometimes broke through, but she never. He had the habit of working in a downstairs room, where their meals were spread, while Mrs. Browning studied in a room on the floor above. One day, early in 1847, their breakfast being over, Mrs. Browning went upstairs while her husband stood at the window watching the street till the table should be cleared. He was presently aware of some one behind him, although the servant was gone. It was Mrs. Browning, who held him by the shoulder to prevent his turning to look at her, and at the same time pushed a packet of papers into the pocket of his coat. She told him to read that, and to tear it up if he did not like it; and then she fled again to her own room.

"Mr. Browning settled himself at the table, and unfolded the parcel. It contained the series of sonnets which have now become so illustrious. As he read, his emotion and delight may be conceived. Before he had finished it was impossible for him to restrain himself, and, regardless of his promise, he rushed upstairs, and stormed that guarded citadel. He was early conscious that these were treasures not to be kept from the world; 'I dared not reserve to myself,' he said, 'the finest sonnets written in any language since Shakespeare's.' But Mrs. Browning was very loath indeed to consent to the publication of what had been the very notes and chronicle of her betrothal. At length she was persuaded to permit her friend, Miss Mary Russell Mitford, to whom they had originally been sent in manuscript, to pass them through the press, although she absolutely declined to accede to Miss Mitford's suggestion that they should appear in one of the fashionable annuals of the day. Accordingly a small volume was printed entitled 'Sonnets | by | E. B. B. | Reading | Not for Publication | 1847 |' an octavo of 47 pages.

"When it was determined to publish the sonnets in the volumes of 1850, the question of a title arose. The name which was ultimately chosen, 'Sonnets from the Portuguese,' was invented by Mr. Browning, as an ingenious device to veil the true authorship, and yet to suggest kinship with that beautiful lyric, called 'Caterina to Camoens,' in which so similar a passion had been expressed. Long before he ever heard of these poems, Mr. Browning called his wife his 'own little Portuguese,' and so, when she proposed 'Sonnets Translated from the Bosnian,' he, catching at the happy thought of 'translated,' replied, 'No, not Bosnian—that means nothing,—but from the Portuguese! They are Caterina's sonnets!' And so, in half a joke, half a conceit, the famous title was invented."

"Trilbyana"

THE CHICAGO *Tribune* of Sunday, Dec. 2, reprints from *Harper's* the pictures of, and passages about, Joe Sibley which provoked Mr. Whistler's threatened libel-suit. The revised passages, as they appear in book-form, are also given. I doubt that Mr. Whistler will bring the *Tribune* into court for its deliberate repetition of the Harpers' alleged offence. If he does, he may get the same damages he got from Mr. Ruskin, in a certain famous suit—one farthing, without costs.

IT IS HARDLY necessary to say that Mr. Du Maurier's work as a novelist is in no way matched by his work as a draughtsman, as exemplified, for instance, in the 120 drawings for "Trilby" now on exhibition at the Avery gallery. Until he began to write he was known merely as the author of innumerable caricatures, which had a certain vogue because they were at the same time pictures of fashionable society; but even of these the legend was often the best part. He had mastered many types, but they were nothing more than that; and one had seen his millionaires and swells and singing people and artists until one had grown rather tired of them. Then, suddenly, it was found, with the first chapters of his first novel, that in writing he could give to all these well-known figures

individuality, could make flesh and blood of them. The drawings themselves, at least those done as illustrations for his two romances, seem to have gained by that discovery. These do not appear to be the same French blouses and English guardsmen. Something has got into them, a touch of life, which they did not have before. Yet no one will say that the Little Billee of the drawings now exhibited at Avery's gallery is even a shadow of the Little Billee of the text. Of Trilby there is not so much as the famous foot. Any schoolboy, almost, might have made as clever a travesty of the Venus de Milo. The best presentation of the gigantic Taffy is that in which he poses as the Ilyssus. The Laird o' Cockpen is much better, being frequently very like Mr. George W. Cable, particularly where he listens to Trilby's confession—an accidental likeness, no doubt, but one that increases our respect for the Laird. The intentional likeness of Frederick Walker, who is said to be the real original of Little Billee, is vastly superior to the ideal one; and the many unnamed figures in the more crowded compositions that appear to have been sketched from the life or from a particularly vivid memory are among the most amusing and enjoyable things in the drawings.

But it must not be denied that there is here and there a bit of *chic* that approaches the ideal—something not easily to be discovered in the artist's former work. Svengali is throughout a creation of this sort. He is as grotesquely romantic, as Mephistophelian a figure in the illustration as in the printed page. The only failure is the head (on page 59 of the book) which is in more senses than one "as bad as they make them." He is excellent where he laughs over the two Englishmen cleaning themselves; he is delightful where he examines the roof of Trilby's mouth, "like the dome of the Panthéon," "room in it for 'toutes les gloires de la France.'" Where he stands in the midst of the crowded studio, "All as it Used to Be," he looks every inch the artist, more so than the "idle apprentice" lounging against the door-jamb. If there were such a man, one who had sunk his whole soul in his art, he might look like this, or like the same figure in the hussar uniform, a Semitic conqueror "out of the mysterious East." There is a touch of the spirit of the illustrators of the romantic period in the pictures of the Christmas festivities, especially in the two that illustrate the peculiar interchange of rôles between Little Billee and the festive Ribot, and in the sketch of Zouzou as the "Ducal French Fighting-Cock." The scenes of common life, too, are admirable, the free-and-easy, the "Happy Dinner," the bargaining of the Laird with Mme. Vinard—"Je prong!"—and the scene at the rehearsal where "The First Violin Loses his Temper." The art of the drawings is all in expression and action, and Du Maurier, in spite of all that is French in him, is thoroughly British in this and a descendant in the right line of Hogarth, Cruikshank and Leech.

THERE were two annoying misprints in E. L. B.'s communication, last week. "Terragus" should, of course, have been "Ferragus"; and *préte* should have been *prêt*: it was Musset, not Trilby, who was ready. And the name of M. de Latouche should have been given as it is here.

Music

Verdi's "Otello" Revived

THE REVIVAL of Verdi's great work at the Metropolitan Opera House on Monday evening was the most interesting feature of the operatic season up to the present time. This was due, not only to the intrinsic nobility of the opera itself, which will remain one of the clearest demonstrations of Verdi's possession of genius, but also to the splendid character of the work done by some of the principal artists. M. Victor Maurel, who was chosen by the composer to "create" his Iago and also his Falstaff, was practically a newcomer. He was here twenty years ago, when both his voice and art were young. He returns with his voice somewhat worn, but his art that of one of the masters of the lyric stage. Maurel is the foremost baritone of the day, and his Iago is one of his finest creations. His embodiment of the character has not been excelled by any actor within the memory of living men, except Edwin Booth. His singing is the perfection of dramatic style, with its noble repose, its infinite variety of delicate and eloquent nuances and its complete freedom from cheap and vulgar device. Signor Tamagno's Otello is already known here as a vivid, passionate and reasonable interpretation of an intensely tragic rôle. Nothing more overwhelming in emotional force has been heard on the stage in recent years than his outburst of grief over the dead Desdemona. Mme. Emma Eames makes a lovely, winning heroine of the tra-

gedy—and sings the music with sentiment and refinement, albeit her impersonation as a whole lacks emphasis. The other members of the cast are acceptable. "Otello" ought to be one of the operas chosen for reasonably frequent repetition this winter.

The Drama

"The Masqueraders" at the Empire

IF THIS NEW PLAY, with which the regular stock-company of the Empire Theatre began its season last Monday evening, had not been written by so prominent and popular a playwright as Mr. H. A. Jones, it would not have been taken quite so seriously as it has been by the great majority of the critics of the daily press, here and in London. As a work of dramatic art, or a study of contemporaneous men and manners, it is far inferior to either "Judah" or "The Middleman." In fact, it is nothing more nor less than a drama of situation, superior to most of its class in imagination, workmanship and literary ability, but nevertheless an ordinary domestic melodrama, mainly dependent for its success upon the startling nature of its incidents. The foundation of the story rests upon the old supposition of two men in love with the same woman. One of these lovers, Sir Brice Skene, is the reckless, heartless, fascinating and devilish baronet, who has been persecuting innumerable virtuous heroines for a century or so, and the other, David Remon, is a refined and imaginative scholar, a great astronomer, whose passion is a sort of reverential worship. The object of their adoration is Dulcie Larondie, a girl of good parentage, liberal education and refined instincts, who finds the life of a governess tedious and so becomes a barmaid. A more improbable and inconsistent set of premises could scarcely be imagined. In the first place, a girl of Dulcie's supposed character and social standing would seek a means of livelihood anywhere rather than in a tap-room, and in the second, it is extremely unlikely, to say the least, that the same girl would find equal favor in the eyes of a gambler, roisterer and sensualist, and in those of a sensitive and polished scholar. These, however, are the conditions upon which Mr. Jones insists, and the play shows, in a series of tableaux, the progress of the struggle between the rivals for the possession of their enchantress. In the opening scene, during an interval between the dances at a hunt ball, a number of young bloods hold an auction for the sale of one of Dulcie's kisses. Remon, furious at the insult, nevertheless joins in the contest to the full extent of his means, but is outbidden by the baronet, who clinches his triumph by announcing that Dulcie has promised to be his wife. Four years later Skene is on the brink of ruin, and his wife almost mad with shame and misery, the result of his brutality, although she still maintains her position as a leader of society. It is at one of her receptions that her rascally husband bluntly informs her of the coming catastrophe, in the hearing of Remon, who is now rich and hastens to put his fortune at her disposal. This ends the second act.

In the third Skene endeavors to compel his wretched wife to draw upon Remon for a large sum by threatening to rob her of her child, and Dulcie sees no refuge except in flight. She has already made her preparations, when Remon enters to announce his departure upon a dangerous expedition to Africa, and out of this situation grows a love scene, which is interrupted by the husband. Then follows the scene which made the play in London. Skene demands money, which Remon refuses, but the latter, as if by inspiration, offers to stake his whole fortune against his rival's wife and child. After moment's hesitation Skene consents and Dulcie agrees to be bound by the result. As she stands there, the men cut cards to decide the question of her ownership, and, after the suspense has been prolonged to the uttermost, Remon wins. The applause after this scene on Monday night was enthusiastic. In the concluding act Dulcie's scruples and Remon's conscience are both awakened, and they separate, after the one really honest and dramatic scene in the whole play, Remon starting for Africa and Dulcie returning to her sister. There are many other characters in the play, but they are all conventional, and make little impression upon the memory. There is, also, a quantity of satirical and epigrammatic dialogue which is indisputably clever, but smacks too strongly of the lamp. All that is vital in the piece is to be found in the two episodes which have been described, the sale of the kiss and the sale, for that is what it amounts to, of the woman. The latter device is unpleasant and improbable, though not without precedent; but it is skilfully and powerfully presented, and affords, beyond question, an exciting climax. The acting, on the first night, was competent, but might have been better. Mr. Miller lacked fervor, vitality and imagination as Remon, but was finely

passionate in the one great crisis. Mr. Faversham reduced the baronet almost to a caricature by nervous exaggeration, and Miss Viola Allen exhibited signs of strain both in her gaiety and in her sentiment. Mr. Dodson distinguished himself by his admirably crisp delivery of Mr. Jones's epigrams, and all the other performers acquitted themselves satisfactorily. The piece will probably run for a long time.

The Fine Arts

Exhibition of the Water-Color Club

THOUGH NOT AT all points as good as its exhibition of last year, the display of the New York Water-Color Club at the Fine Art Society's building in Fifty-seventh Street includes some remarkable paintings, and a large majority that are enjoyable. Among the best are Mr. John La Farge's pictures of Samoan life, as delightful in color as anything that great colorist has done. The ruddy skins, fine muscular development and unconscious grace of these Pacific islanders would charm a Rubens or a Tintoretto, and their setting of green foliage and pearly sky or water is worthy of such superb creatures. The "Girl Sliding the Papa Sela," that is to say, down a waterfall near Apia, has the subdued brilliancy of one of those antique jewels of pearl and gold and many-colored enamel, the taste for which went out with the Renaissance; in the "Samoan Girl Coming from Bath" the reflection on the wet skin of blue sky and the huge green leaf that she holds over her head for a parasol brings all into a still finer harmony; and the barbaric "Soldiers Bringing Presents of Food" in its quiet opulence of color is beyond praise. We pity those who cannot see in these drawings the qualities of a master, and who throw away their dollars on unauthenticated rags and tatters of things which, at their best, were simply laughable. Work which is admirable in quite another way is shown by Mr. George H. Clements, some of whose drawings, shown at a former exhibition of the Club, we noticed for the vigorous personality that was evident in them. Since then the artist has not, to our knowledge, exhibited anything. He has here three drawings, of which two are figure pieces. His "Tangerine Marriage Procession" is a sort of "barbaric yawp" in white, black, brown and vermilion; but what a fury of action in it! The foremost Arab, throwing up his gun, dances, like Frémiet's "Bear-dancer," with every muscle; others of the escort come on pell-mell; the musicians force their way through the prickly aloes by the roadside, to avoid being trampled on; and the bride's dahabeah is guarded by other wild-looking Semites, clothed in white and scarlet. Mr. Clements's great talent is in his thorough comprehension of the matter in hand. Every line, every touch of color is expressive, and the picture is the crushed-out essence of the subject. This is still more apparent in his "French Peasants" resting in a hay-field; an ordinary subject enough, but as much a revelation as if French peasants had never been drawn or painted before. A few strokes of a brush dipped in sepia outline the group, and the figures are modelled and brought out from the background with a few broad washes; but each tone has been weighed and measured against every other, and the drawing is, in its way, a final judgment, a summing up of the artistic possibilities of the case. It may look "sketchy"; but a work is finished when there is nothing more to be done.

No other newcomer shows anything like Mr. Clements's power. Mr. Arthur B. Davies's pictures of children are good in color, but weak in drawing. Rosina Emmett Sherwood's picture of "Haystacks" shows decided progress. There are very good flower and still-life pieces by Mrs. E. M. Scott, Mrs. M. Huxford Luce and Cornelia F. Maury. Charles C. Curran has a "Shore of Lake Erie," with a successful effect of sunlight through smoke from forest fires, and there are other good landscapes by J. Appleton Brown, R. K. Mygott, Robert C. Minor and Frederick B. Williams. Night pieces abound, and some are excellent—a "Nocturne," by Louis P. Dessoar, "A Moonlight Evening in a Harbor," by Henry C. White, "Introspection," by F. H. Lungren; and "Yachts at Night," by Theodore Robinson. Childe Hassam shows "A Gloucester Street" and a brilliant bit of "Celia Thaxter's Garden." Another garden-scene of considerable beauty is Mr. Gerard L. Steenk's "Bit of Holland," with many-colored beds of tulips and a long, low dwelling in a grove at the back of them. There are many good drawings in pastels, of which are some of those mentioned above.

Art Notes

WATER-COLOR painting began as a Dutch art, and, though the English seemed likely for a time to capture it, the best practitioners are now again to be found in Holland. No other contemporary

school of water-color painting can show as good technique, as unfailing a gift of harmony as that including the Mauves, Breitner, Vrolyck, Gravesande, Kever, Mesday, Neuhaus and Artz. These qualities are also shown, though in a less degree, in the same artists' works in oil. Some fifty-eight subjects by the last-named painter, who died in 1890, are on exhibition at Macbeth's gallery. They comprise simple landscape and figure pieces, studies of fishing-boats, geese, mowers, fishers drying nets and other such familiar subjects, treated often with the decision of a study from the life, but with a feeling for composition which is never at fault. Half a score charcoal drawings have the same artistic quality, as though the man could not, if he were to try, do anything devoid of permanent value.

—Mr. Edwin A. Abbey sails from England for the United States in January. He will bring the first half of the frieze he is painting for the Boston Public Library. This half is over ninety feet long.

To Subscribers

We wish to obtain a few copies of The Critic of June 16, and will give in exchange for them an equal number of copies of our issue of Nov. 17, containing nearly two pages of "Trilbyana," including Mr. Whistler's letter protesting against the character of Joe Sibley in Mr. Du Maurier's novel. Subscribers willing to make the exchange will kindly notify us by postcard before sending.

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Notes

DR. WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS has in the Scribner press a volume on "The Religions of Japan," which is said to be the first work wholly devoted to the subject. It is the result of years of special study and travel.

—Mrs. Burnett's "Piccino" may be classed among the successful books, as the advance-orders number at least 10,000. A high-water mark, one would say, though the advance-orders for Mr. Crawford's "The Ralstons," which will be published in January, already number 20,000.

—D. Appleton & Co. have recently copyrighted and published "The Story of Ung" by Rudyard Kipling; "Powder and Paint" and "Mr. Webster," by Mrs. W. K. Clifford; "The Minister's Dog," by Maarten Maartens; the first volume of "The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickham," by John Oliver Hobbes; the first volume of "James Vansettart's Vengeance," by Mrs. J. L. Needell; the first volume of "The Lady of the Pool," by Anthony Hope; and "Noemi," by S. Baring-Gould.

—George Moore's new book, "Celibates," will be published in this country by Macmillan & Co., who, with the fate of "Esther Waters" before them, have taken care to protect this book with all the force of the copyright law.

—Miss Varina Jefferson Davis, whose literary work has heretofore been in the way of folk-lore and of short stories, has just completed a novel founded upon a singular fact. It is called "The Veiled Doctor," and tells the story of an over-sensitive man whose married life with a not very sensitive young woman was a tragedy to both of them. It is a strange story, and one likely to attract attention, as it is quite out of the line which is so popular at the present time.

—The Prince de Joinville, whose "Souvenirs" will be published by Macmillan & Co. on the 15th, was the third son of Louis Philippe, and was born in 1813. He served during our Civil War under Gen. McClellan in the Peninsular Campaign, and later in the Franco-Prussian War. His "Souvenirs" cover the period from his birth to 1848, and include a most interesting description of the bringing of Napoleon's body from St. Helena to Paris, a duty allotted to him by his father, the King.

—"Timar's Two Worlds," one of the two books by Jókai reviewed in last week's *Critic*, can hardly be credited to his "latter days," writes W. M. G. of Cambridge, Mass. A German translation appeared 21 years ago, and English versions in 1885 (New York) and 1888 (Edinburgh).

—D. M. writes from Morrisville, Vermont, that he "picked up" a copy of "The Harbinger" (1833) at Briggs's bookstore, Utica, N. Y., not long ago, for 25 cents. The Foote copy, sold by Bangs & Co. last week, brought \$15. The volume contains "The Last Leaf," here printed for the first time in book-form; its first appearance in any form was in *The Amateur*, March 26, 1831.

The fourth volume of John Bach McMaster's "History of the People of the United States" will be ready for publication by D. Appleton & Co. early in the new year. It opens with the repeal of the British Orders in Council and the close of the armistice concluded just before the surrender of Hull, and takes up the story of the second war for independence. The closing chapter treats, among other things, of the early magazines and periodicals. Many diagrams and maps in outline and color illustrate the text.

—Mr. Henry B. Fuller has just finished a new novel, "rather a largish affair," which will be published by Harper & Bros. in March. The name has not yet been decided upon. Let us hope that it will be as good a one as "The Cliff-Dwellers."

—The Queen of Italy gave an audience to Zola on Dec. 4 at Rome, and, as the novelist declared later, proved herself perfectly conversant with his works. M. Zola had already "interviewed" the Pope.

—Mr. Grant Allen has written a new novel called "The Woman Who Did." He is said to have "given his modern heart to her." It will be published by Mr. John Lane. This description and the fact that it will be published in the Keynote Series, lead us to think that it is the novel Mr. Allen wrote some time ago, but was induced by his conservative publishers to keep in manuscript. Considering what his publishers have accepted, from time to time, we may expect a shock, if not a surprise, when "The Woman Who Did" appears. She will be introduced in this country by Roberts Bros., the American publishers of the series.

—A new ballad by Bret Harte, "A Question of Privilege Reported by Truthful James," will be published in the February *Scribner*. It is in his earlier manner, and tells of the doleful fate that befel a man who stuttered. A. Conan Doyle will have a poem in the January *Scribner* called "A Forgotten Tale." Robert Grant's essays on "The Art of Living" began in the December magazine.

—The famous French *café chantant* singer, Mlle. Yvette Guilbert, has signed a contract to come to this country in January. Up to the present time Mlle. Yvette has refused the most tempting offers to cross the ocean, though she crossed the Channel, which is much more disagreeable, last year. It is not the function of *The Critic* to write of concert-hall singers. Exception is made in favor of Mlle. Yvette, because she is the greatest artist in her line in the world.

—The illustrated edition of "Border Ballads," edited by Andrew Lang and published by Longmans & Co., is limited to 750 copies only, one half of which are destined for the United States.

—The Rowfant Club of Cleveland asked a small number of "friendly strangers," on Nov. 12, to inspect an interesting collection of limited editions owned by members. The Club entertained

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith informally on Nov. 10. Mr. Charles Orr, librarian of the Case Library, is about to print a small edition of "Letters from Little Mountain," by Artemus Ward. These letters were written for the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* in the sixties, and have never been reprinted.

Publications Received

Almanac, Protestant Episcopal, The. 1893. \$50.	Thos. Whittaker.
Annual Report of Columbia College. 1893. \$25.	New York: Columbia Coll.
Baker, Mrs. W. Pictures of Swedish Life. \$3.75.	A. D. P. Randolph & Co.
Barrett, F. Justification of Andrew Le Brun. \$1.25.	D. Appleton & Co.
Björnson, Björnstjerne. Syntetiske Solbskener. \$1.25.	Macmillan & Co.
Browning, E. B. Sonnets from the Portuguese. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.	Charles Scribner's Sons.
Buckley, J. M. Travels in Three Continents. Hunt & Eaton.	Century Co.
Century Magazine. May—Oct. 1894. Vol. XLVIII.	Macmillan & Co.
Cornish, C. Wild Animals in Captivity. \$3.50.	Harper & Bros.
Curtis, G. W. Literary and Social Essays. De Pomery, E. Petites Histoires Enfantines. Ed. by W. S. Lyon, sec.	Maynard, Merrill & Co.
Gordon, J. Poppeas. \$1.	J. B. Lippincott Co.
Eckstein, E. Der Besuch im Carcer. Ed. by W. S. Lyon, sec.	Charles Scribner's Sons.
Eliot, G. Silas Marner. sec.	Maynard, Merrill & Co.
Field, R. Love-Songs of Childhood. \$1.	American Book Co.
Giberne, A. Radiant Suns. \$1.75.	Macmillan & Co.
Gordon, J. Poppeas. \$1.	Henry Holt & Co.
Greene, R. Green Pastures. Ed. by A. B. Grosart. \$1.25.	A. C. McClurg & Co.
Hannett, J. History of the Art of Bookbinding. Ed. by W. S. Braxton. \$6.	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Harris, J. C. Little Mr. Thimblefinger. \$2.	Harper & Bros.
James, H. Theatricals. \$1.	J. B. Lippincott Co.
King, C. Under Fire. \$1.	Henry Holt & Co.
Lamont, H. Specimens of Exposition. \$1.75.	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Lowell, P. Occult Japan. \$1.75.	Macmillan & Co.
Lytton, J. Endymion, the Man in the Moon. Ed. by G. P. Baker.	Henry Holt & Co.
McClelland, M. G. St. John's Wooing. \$1.25.	Harper & Bros.
McGlaughlin, E. W. Ministers of Grace. \$1.	Harper & Bros.
Macaulay, Lord. Essay on John Milton. sec.	American Book Co.
Marden, O. S. Pushing to the Front. \$1.50.	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Maspero, G. Dawn of Civilization. \$7.50. Ed. by A. H. Sayce.	D. Appleton & Co.
Merrill, G. B. Oliver Wendell Holmes. San Francisco: Harvard Club.	American Book Co.
Milton, J. L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, Comus, and Lycidas. \$1.	Henry Holt & Co.
Owen, R. Life of Richard Owen. 2 vols. \$12.	D. Appleton & Co.
Pancoast, H. S. Introduction to English Literature. \$6.	Henry Holt & Co.
Peel, H. Polar Gleams. \$2.50.	A. C. McClurg & Co.
Prelude to Poetry. Ed. by E. Rhys. \$1.	Macmillan & Co.
Pyle, H. Twilight Land. \$1.	Harper & Bros.
Randolph, P. Astor. sec.	Chicago: Donohue, Henneberry & Co.
Ridgely, H. W. Old Brick Churches of Maryland. \$2.	A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
Rowlands, E. A. Spell of Ursula. J. B. Lippincott Co.	J. B. Lippincott Co.
St. Nicholas. 1894. 2 vols. \$1.	Century Co.
Scott, W. Woodstock. sec.	American Book Co.
Shakespeare, W. Midsummer-Night's Dream. sec.	American Book Co.
Shaler, N. H. Sea and Land. \$2.50.	Charles Scribner's Sons.
Social Register. Philadelphia, 1893. New York: Social Register Ass'n.	Macmillan & Co.
Sonnenchein, E. A. Greek Grammar. \$1.25.	Macmillan & Co.
Spencer, E. The Poet of Poets. Ed. by A. B. Grosart. \$1.25.	A. C. McClurg & Co.
Spencer, E. Lyric Poems of. Ed. by E. Rhys. \$1.	Macmillan & Co.
Stuart, R. McE Story of Babette. Harper & Bros.	Harper & Bros.
Warner, C. D. Golden House. Harper & Bros.	Harper & Bros.
Young, E. R. Oowikapun. \$1.	Hunt & Eaton.

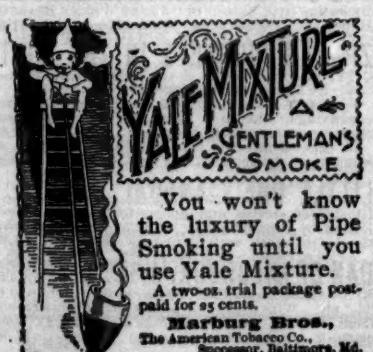
President E. Benjamin Andrews of Brown University has prepared the text for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE'S "HISTORY OF THE LAST QUARTER CENTURY IN THE UNITED STATES, 1869-1895," which will be the chief feature for the coming year. President Andrews has been not only a constant student of the events which have made these years so remarkable, but has gained a special reputation for picturesque and graphic narrative.

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